

The Plaintiff

NO. 39.

COUNTY GAME LAW.

New York. —John T. Foster, one of the most famous inventors in the United States, under whose direction the first gold pens were manufactured in New York City, and who was associated with Walter Hunt, the maker said to have devised the first model of the sewing machine, is dead at Arlington, N. J. He was 95 years old.

Absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

The Oregon whipping post for wife beaters will be better than the divorce court.

The Hartford Times says: "Go West, young man, and blow up with the country."

A Wisconsin man has been chosen to teach English to the King of Spain. Boston papers please copy.

John D. Rockefeller's agent says John will not give up his Cleveland home till he dies. Same old John.

The Declaration of Independence was signed in Philadelphia. But there were giants in Philadelphia in those days.

Canadians claim the north pole as their property. There is no evidence to show that they can claim it by right of discovery.

"How to Keep Husbands," is the title of a magazine article by Lillian Russell. How long has Lillian kept any of hers?

Having ended their experiments with baking consumptives in Florida, the doctors will now try freezing them in the Arctic.

They say that Nan Patterson is going to write a book. Here is a case in which a Federal court injunction could be put to good use.

The private car trust resents the idea of the United States Government interfering with any branch of the highway robbery business.

Emperor William says he doesn't like the way the Japanese show up on parade, but he admits that he has no criticisms to offer concerning their fighting.

Spare rooms are going out of fashion. Flats and increasing property values are doing away with accommodations for friends who like to travel and save hotel bills.

Even if he shall escape the gentle desire of his nurses to boil him alive, it is extremely likely that the Czarevitz will accumulate a large and varied experience with hot water.

Should every lover of trees make a practice of planting one tree each year, the deforested areas would soon be replaced by other areas heavily wooded. Why do you not begin this year?

Banker Bigelow says he is "simply a fool, and that's all there is to it." Mr. Bigelow is right about being a fool, but that isn't all there is to it. The courts are likely to hold that there was at least a small element of criminality in his folly.

There has been a good deal of criticism of the Legislatures this year, but can anybody name a really wicked bill passed by any of the Legislatures? On the other hand it is easy to enumerate quite a string of measures which were enacted under the reform label.

From the esteemed New York Herald we learn that "the weather man does not manufacture and retail sunshine and storm. He merely gives warning." This reproach, which is given in all kindness, should be accepted in like spirit. We have all been unjust to the weather man.

Rev. Dr. John Punnett Peters, rector of St. Michael's Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, has "discovered" that Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Joseph, mentioned in Genesis, were not real people, but composite photographs of Israel. The world seems to be full of descendants of the learned gentleman who "discovered" that the moon was made of green cheese.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, head of Princeton University, in a recent address advised young men to interest themselves more in public affairs, on the ground of duty, if no other. Their education, he held, carries with it a responsibility which the public has a right to demand the young men shall share with others who have not been so fortunate in their mental training. The point is a good one, and young men all over the country are not slow in availing themselves of opportunities offered. The number of young men, not only lawyers, but those in business, who are taking an active part in politics is increasing.

Although the Senate of the United States contains to-day only about half as many men over the age of 70 as it did a year ago, the name of that body, derived from the Latin word meaning "an old man," is still measurably appropriate. Nine of its present members have passed the allotted three-score and ten. Of the sixteen a year ago who had reached that age five have since died: Messrs. Quay, Hoar, Bate, Hawley and Platt. Gibson and Stewart have retired from the Senate, as indeed did Hawley a few weeks before his death. Those now over 70 include both Senators from Alabama and from New York, and one each from Maine, Vermont, Illinois, Iowa, and Colorado.

In this country we have been long familiar with the complaint that it is hard to get Americans to enlist in the navy or engage in the marine service.

On top of this knowledge comes the news from Canada that it has been found practically impossible to garrison the fortifications at Halifax and Esquimaux with Canadian troops. It is probable that both in Canada and the United States the condition responsible for this reluctance of young men to enlist is the very condition of national prosperity which both countries are glad to record. The industrial and commercial opportunities in America to-day are so numerous and widespread that very much more generous inducements than are now held out to young men, apparently, must be offered to persuade them to abandon the civil for the military life.

Have you ever stopped to think what subject furnishes the most fruitful topic of conversation these days? It is money! In libraries, in parlors, in street cars, on railroads, in the street—everywhere the sound of "dollars" is heard. "What is it worth?" "How much did it cost?" "How much did you get for it?" "What kind of an investment would that be?" "How are the stocks to-day?" "Who won in that last real estate deal?" Always money, money, money! Do you announce the death of a friend, the query, "How much money did he leave?" is the first thing to greet your ears. Sorrow for the dead, and sympathy for the living, are both secondary to the importance of whether he "died rich." Do you speak of a marriage, the first question is, "Did she do well?" Always money, money, money! Is a child born into the world, "Was it born with a silver or gold spoon in its mouth?" is the first thing asked. And, according to the answer, predictions for its future are either rose or gray. Always money, money, money! Men have died for it, lied for it, become criminals for it—everything but remained honest for it. And yet these shining words of the Holy Writ have not been blotted from the book which men love to proclaim their guide and solace: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver or gold."

Dean McClintock of Chicago university says the value of play is not well understood, and that it is "nature's best method of education." Play is undoubtedly nature's best restorer. Next to sleep it is an essential. We all know the truth of the adage that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. And in this country we have a lot of dull boys, both young and old, not so much because they do not know how to play as how to work. The average American business man takes his task too seriously. In the desire to get rich he forgets how to live. There is too much friction and too much waste of vital forces. Many of our business men do things in a slapdash sort of way. They jump without pause for breathing from one thing to another. They work at a high tension and worry at a high tension. They waste nervous energy. Their minds are in a ferment. They are feverish. There is a get-there-El! glare in their eyes. They ejaculate. They gesticulate. They all but foam at the mouth. Luncheon is no let up. They gulp their victuals as if they were in competition. Play? The proposition would be thought a crazy one. There is no time to play in business hours and when business is over there are too many other demands. If these men only knew it, they could do better work and more of it by lowering the tension. A little relaxation would help amazingly. And a play spell at home after business hours would renew and vitalize the worn nerve strings. However, it is easy to advise. The fever of high strung endeavor is in the American blood. Warnings against useless expenditure of effort go largely unheeded.

The Critic and the Lady.
Talleyrand, the noted Frenchman, possessed wit of so high an order that it has stood well the test of time, and his jokes are still good. The author of "Juniper Hall" gives two of his sayings to Madame de Staël.

He was a great admirer of Madame Recamier and Madame de Staël, the one for her beauty, the other for her wit. Madame de Staël asked him one day, if he found himself with both of them in the sea on a plank, and could only save one, which it would be, to which he replied:

"Ah! Madame de Staël knows so many things, doubtless she knows how to swim."

When "Delphine" appeared, it was said that Madame de Staël had described herself as Delphine, and that Talleyrand was the original of Madame de Vernon.

Meeting the authoress soon afterward, Talleyrand remarked, in his most gentle tone of voice:

"I hear that both you and I appear in your book, but disguised as women."

Vermont's Only Remaining Forest.

Preparations are under way to develop the most extensive tract of virgin timber in Vermont. The lands contain over 5,000,000,000 feet of spruce and other valuable soft wood heretofore untouched because of its remoteness from the railroad. To reach the vast wilderness in the southern part of the State the West River Railroad Company, which has just been organized, will build a branch from the Central Vermont and an army of axemen will enter the woods next fall. It is estimated that it will take twenty-five years to cut all this timber. This will be the end of Vermont's virgin forests, but there are thousands of acres lumbered many years ago which may soon be recut.

Have you made your will? Death drops in very unexpectedly lately.

A MONEY-MAKING HERD FOR THE FARM.

In recent report of a public sale of pure-bred cattle, the statement was made that in the past four years the seller had sold 650 head of cattle at an average of \$150, or a total of nearly \$100,000. Although the average price is not high, the vendor realized a handsome profit, for the reason that his cattle were raised largely on grass and feeds grown on his farm.

There is a sermon in the figures quoted which ought to be clear and convincing to all who breed scrub stock.

Testimony is not wanting which proves that the farmer who can breed good cattle, raise them on home-grown feeds and sell them at an average of \$100 or better is bound to make money. While the personal equation cannot be eliminated as a factor making for success in breeding stock, the man who owns his land, has good pastures, a good farm barn and an alfalfa and clover meadow will scarcely make a failure of it.

Every farmer wants to make money; he wants to make it at the smallest outlay of money and labor. If this premise is correct, the most effective method for him to pursue is to grow money on hoofs. Let him buy a few good-bred heifers of the breed which he likes best and take good care of them. The first crop of calves will go far to pay the purchase price. Whenever the herd attains the numerical standard desired, which should be determined by the size and carrying capacity of the farm, the surplus stock can be marketed. Prices will not be fancy except for the best, but they should be remunerative for all desirable stock.

Another way to begin is to purchase a pedigreed bull and use him on the common cows already on the farm. If he is a high-class individual—and no other kind should be used, even on scrub cows, where best results from such a cross are desired—his offspring will show marked improvement in physical characteristics over average-grade cattle. Females from the initial cross, bred to pure-bred bull, will transmit to their progeny a still stronger tendency toward uniformity in type which will neutralize in large measure the original nondescript blood. Such a process ultimately will establish practically a pure-bred herd, but it is a roundabout way, and at present prices of pure-bred females is not to be recommended except for the purpose of producing market stock.

Let no farmer who would effect maximum improvement in his herd of grade females imagine for a moment that, inasmuch as they are grades, he is not warranted in paying what a first-class bull will cost. While there is a reproductive potency in an inferior pure-bred bull capable of accomplishing better results than can be obtained from the use of a better individual scrub bull, the aim of the bull buyer should be to secure as good pedigree as he can get with the best type of bull he can buy. The best is the cheapest. No one should be so extravagant as to spend his time hunting for a pure-bred bull at a low price.

Every farmer who has the necessary land and inclination and believes in the demonstrated profitability of diversified agriculture, ought to maintain prime stock. It is not necessary that he should have to start with expensive equipment, a large farm, or a fortune. By beginning wisely and moderately, as becomes his particular station, he can later attain the more spectacular stages of the business, should his judgment lead him in that direction. Never has there been such an opportune time as the present for the so-called small farmer to begin breeding pure-bred stock. Every reasonable inducement offers. There is no safer business. None promises such steady, sure returns.—Breeder's Gazette.

PRESERVATION OF EGGS.

The best way to preserve eggs from the spring to the end of autumn is to place them in soluble glass. For this purpose obtain some soluble glass from a chemist or druggist, which, when agitated, dissolves in water. One and three-quarters pints to every one and three-quarters to two gallons of water are required, which quantity is sufficient to preserve from 100 to 150 eggs, according to size. The eggs to be preserved must be very clean and free from smell; the solution of glass is poured slowly in until it covers the eggs completely. If the eggs float upon the top they must be taken out and used immediately; they do not keep for a long time, in fact, but can be used at once. When the vessel is full it is placed in a cellar, on the ground itself, or any other cool place and covered carefully with a wooden lid.

It is important with this simple and cheap preserving process:

1. Not to place in the solution any but fresh eggs—not more than a week old, at the most.
 2. The eggs must be perfectly clean—washed, if necessary.
 3. The solution must completely cover the eggs.
 4. The silicate must be of irreproachable quality.
- Out of 29,504 eggs placed in the so-

lution in April, 1902, when the first experiment was made, there were in December only seven which could not be sent away, but still they were able to be used immediately. Some of the eggs placed in the solution in April, 1902, left in until the following spring of 1903, had kept perfectly. The eggs must only be taken out of the solution when required for use. When they are to be cooked in the shell they must be pierced with a pin, otherwise the inside air, not being able to escape by the pores, the silicate would burst the eggs; the eggs, of course, must be washed before being used.—Northwest Pacific Farmer.

THE NEW DEWBERRY.

In this time and day, the merit of the berry that is grown for the market must not only surpass and lead in one or two points, but its qualities must be superior in all points as compared with other berries if it is to be the leader in the market. A few days ago we received an invitation to visit the fruit and truck farm of Mr. J. T. Chesnut of Keene, Texas, to inspect the new Chesnut dewberry, which we did. This fine dewberry originates with Mr. J. T. Chesnut and after a thorough four-years' test, has proven beyond doubt to be the most prolific and earliest dewberry on the market.

Its special features as a profitable, marketable berry are its earliness, firmness of flesh, sweetness, fruitfulness and hardiness; it is purely and simply a dewberry lying low upon the ground, which it covers in a solid mat of vine and foliage, thus entirely protecting its fruit from sand, earth and grit, and the position of the vine on the ground makes it very easy to pick the berry, in fact, so much so that berry pickers prefer to work in the Chesnut dewberry patch when the season is practically over, in preference to the other varieties that are just coming on the market and are well covered with fresh fruit.

Planting season begins any time from November until the end of March, when season offers, avoiding a dry or freezing time. March planting bears results equal to earlier planting generally, but when season is favorable earlier planted is recommended for the first crop is borne fourteen months after planting.—Geo. B. Latham in Texas Farm Journal.

GROWING PICKLE CUCUMBERS.

A good way to plant pickle cucumbers is to cross mark the ground 4x4 feet, planting six to ten seeds at the intersections of the marks. This gives 2720 hills to the acre, and cultivation can be carried on both ways as long as the plants allow of it.

Those who make their rows five feet apart, with the hills three feet apart in the row, gain about 200 hills to the acre, but cannot cultivate so long one way or with such good effect, although the irrigation facilities are better.

Planting in drills does not seem to give satisfactory results, and it is only rarely practiced.

The planting should be done during the first half of June. When the main vines are three feet or more in length, the ends should be pinched to promote the growth of laterals. The latter bear a much larger proportion of pistillate or productive blossoms than the main vines, which are mostly staminate.

The striped cucumber beetle does not attack the plantings for cucumbers so much as those for pickles. The young plants should be kept dusted as long as the beetles are observed to be present with fine, air-slaked lime, tobacco dust or dry, sifted ashes.—American Cultivator.

WHITEWASH IN THE HOG HOUSE.

Whitewash is cheap, and there is no reason why it should not be used more than it is in the hog house. Whether the boards that compose the hog house are smooth or rough, the whitewash will be found to be a help. It will stop up the hiding place of vermin and will tend to give a sweeter smell to the place where the hogs stay. In addition it adds light, as does any light color placed on the walls. It shows the dirt more plainly than the unpainted boards and acts as a reminder to the owner to clean out the hog pen oftener.—Pacific Northwest Farmer.

SHEEP NOTES.

Sheep are naturally gregarious, and when one sheep is seen off by itself it is safe to guess that something is wrong with it and the matter should be investigated.

A small, fat sheep will always bring more money than a large, poor one. The profit is in the first 100 pounds. Overstocking is usually injurious to the flock and ruinous to the farmer.

Sheep are almost essential in maintaining the fertility and clearness of the land. Dryness overhead and underfoot is a rule that should be as uncompromising as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

Fowls that are old are much better breeders, as their chicks are stronger and more easily reared, but at the same time they should not have passed their prime, as otherwise their produce are weakened and liable to disease.

AFTER THE STORM.



The Russian Peasant's Vision of the Future.—Cincinnati Post.

Conquest of the Great American Desert

No achievement of his administration gives President Roosevelt more thorough satisfaction than what is termed "The Reclamation Law." He esteems it one of the wisest and most beneficial pieces of legislation of recent years and is confident that it will promote the public welfare quite as much as the Morrill act, which dedicated a great part of the public lands to the education of the people, or the Homestead Law, which did more than any other measure to build up the great West. The Reclamation Law is intended, without expense to the tax payers, to make the arid regions of the West capable of cultivation. It applies the proceeds from the sale of public lands to the construction of irrigation systems and reservoirs to supply them; which are to be sold at cost price on ten years' time to the people who enjoy the benefits created by them. The money thus refunded is to be used again and again and still again, in extending the irrigation system, until every acre of the arid regions is watered and fit for human habitation.

The reclamation fund has grown very rapidly; much more rapidly than any advocate of the law expected. During the first year about four million dollars was turned into the treasury. On the 30th of June, 1904, it amounted to \$11,276,289.87 and by the end of the current fiscal year it will reach, if it does not exceed, fifteen millions.

Surveys have been completed for thirteen great irrigation projects in as many different States, contemplating the reclamation of 1,131,000 acres of desert land at a cost of \$31,395,000, or an average of \$27.26 per acre. The land thus improved will be sold to the public at that price in ten annual installments and thus the entire amount of money expended will be refunded to the government.

The President is also greatly gratified at the rapid progress that is being made by the irrigation bureau. Six of the projects in the above list have been begun; contracts have been let, and thousands of laborers are already employed in Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Nebraska, Nevada and New Mexico. The other propositions will be undertaken as rapidly as possible.

In Nevada work commenced as early as September, 1903, in building a dam in Truckee River to take the flood waters from the mountains and the overflow of Lake Tahoe and dump them into Carson River. Another dam will be built in Carson River to store these waters until they are needed in the dry season, when they will be distributed by means of canals and ditches over an area of about 100,000 acres, mostly desert land belonging to the government. The cost of this improvement will be \$2,600,000, or \$26 an acre, and the land improved is now subject to homestead entry in tracts of forty, eighty, 120 or 160 acres, according to its situation.

The law allows enough land to each settler to support a family. No cash payments are required; no commutations, but the settler must actually live on it and cultivate it for five years and pay \$2.00 an acre each year for ten years, when he will receive a title to the land and own the water rights without additional payments. Private land which receives the benefit of the water must pay at the same rate—\$2.00 per acre for ten years. After ten payments the owner of the land will have the water rights free of cost for all eternity. The land is good for alfalfa, sugar beets, potatoes and all the root crop and fruits of the temperate zone. It is only twelve hours from San Francisco by rail, fifty miles from

the capital of Nevada, and is surrounded by mining settlements in every direction.

Part of the land reclaimed will be the old Forty-Mile Desert, or Carson's Sink, which was a horror of early emigrants—the worst spot on the overland trail; and was lined the entire distance with the bones of men and animals. Thousands of poor creatures died there from thirst and exhaustion. Farmers who plow there now turn up in almost every furrow gun barrels which were driven into the earth to mark graves and have since been buried deep in the drifting sands. As an illustration of the perversity of nature, the engineers who have been laying out the proposed irrigation system have found an abundance of cold, pure water a few feet below the surface wherever they have made borings. All of this desert will be reclaimed and when the present proposition is finished the works will be extended to the Humboldt and Walker Rivers, which will bring several hundred thousand acres more under irrigation and make a paradise of what is now the most desolate spot in Nevada. These rivers carry plenty of water from the mountains, but it disappears as soon as it reaches the sand. The engineers propose to catch it before it reaches the "sinks" and store it in reservoirs, to be tapped when needed.—William E. Curtis.

HIS BREAD RETURNED.

Small Loan Made Years Ago Brings Back a Large Fortune.

The Biblical parable of casting your bread upon the waters has turned out dramatically true in the case of Percival F. Nagle, of New York.

For many years Mr. Nagle has been one of the picturesque figures in the metropolis. Physically he is one of the largest men in the city and his generosity, in the days when he could afford to be generous, was unbounded. At one time he was champion oarsman of New York and then he drifted into the poolroom business. Under Mayor Van Wyck he served as street cleaning commissioner. Since leaving this position he has gone down financially and up to a few days ago did not know that he was worth more than a few thousand dollars at the most. But unknown to himself he was wealthy.

In the old days of his prosperity he once loaned a friend \$1,000. The friend wanted to give him security, but Nagle refused. Nevertheless the friend had secretly transferred some unimproved property in the annexed district and it since lay in Nagle's name, without the latter's knowledge. A short time ago two men called upon Nagle and asked him to put a price upon his property in the Bronx. Nagle denied he owned property there, but at once made an investigation. He was surprised to find that he was the owner of 44 lots, valued at between \$200,000 and \$250,000—the same his friend had placed to his credit for the \$1,000 loan. It was a case of putting a crumb on the waters and getting back a whole loaf.

Speaking from Experience.
"Who is the chap over there who asserts that the rich are getting poorer and the poor richer?"

"That's old Spuds; two of his daughters have just married foreign noblemen."—Puck.

"A Pea in a Bladder."
Cholly Netwit—If you refuse me, Miss Dolly, I shall—bah Jove! I shall put a bullet in my head.
Dolly Hotshot (absently)—How it will rattle around in there.—Cleveland Leader.

OLD Favorites

The Dying Gladiator.
The seal is set—Now welcome, thou dread power!
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour,
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all seeing but unseen.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran
In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man.
And therefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because
Such were the blood-stained circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure—wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle plains or listed spot?
Both are but theaters where chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his drooped head sinks gradually low,
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude body by the Danube lay—
There was his young barbarian all at play;
Butchered to make a Roman holiday;
All this rushed with his blood—shall he expire
And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

—Lord Byron.

How Sleep the Brave!
How sleep the Brave, who sink to rest
By all their Country's wishes blest!
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod!

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes—a pilgrim grey—
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell—a weeping hermit—there!

—William Collins.

FOREIGN NEWS GATHERING.

Four Great Agencies Formally Cover the Happenings of the World.
Annually the members gather in general convention in New York and elect a board of directors of fifteen members. By common consent, the members of this board are chosen from different parts of the country, so that each important division is represented. They are trained newspaper men, who bring to the discharge of their duties an intimate knowledge of the business and a high sense of responsibility. The board of directors in turn elect a president, two vice presidents, a secretary and general manager, an assistant secretary and assistant general manager, and a treasurer, and designate from their own number five members to serve as an executive committee.

The world at large is divided, for the purpose of news-gathering, among four great agencies. The Reuter Telegraph Company, Ltd., of London, gathers and distributes news in Great Britain and all her colonies, China, Japan and Egypt. The Continental Telegraphen Compagnie of Berlin, popularly known as the Wolff Agency, performs a like office in the Teutonic, Slav and Scandinavian countries; and the Agence Havas of Paris operates in the Latin nations. The field of the Associated Press includes the United States, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, and Central America, as well as the islands of the Caribbean Sea. Each of these agencies has a representative in the offices of the others. Thus the Associated Press bureau in London adjoins the Reuter offices. The telegrams to the Reuter company are written on manifold sheets by the telegraph and cable companies, and copies are served simultaneously to the Associated Press bureau, the Wolff representative, the Havas men, and the Reuter people. A like arrangement obtains in Paris, Berlin and New York, so that in each of these cities the whole panorama of the day's happenings passes under the eyes of representatives of each of the four agencies.

But the scheme is much more elaborate than even this arrangement would indicate. Operating as tributaries to the great agencies are a host of minor agencies—virtually one such smaller agency for each of the nations of importance. Thus in Italy the Stefani Agency, with headquarters in Rome, gathers and distributes the news of

Italy. It is the official agency, and to it the authorities give exclusively all governmental information. It is controlled by Italians, but a large minority of its shares are owned by the Agence Havas of Paris, and it operates in close alliance with the latter organization.

Thus, if a fire should break out in Milan, the "Secolo," the leading newspaper of that city, would instantly telegraph a report of it to the Stefani Agency at Rome. Thence it would be telegraphed to all of the other Italian papers, and copies of the "Secolo's" message would also be handed to the representatives, in the Stefani headquarters, of the Reuter, Wolff, Havas and the Associated Press agencies.

In like fashion, if the fire should happen in Chicago, the Associated Press would receive its report, transmit it to the American papers, and furnish copies to the representatives of the foreign agencies stationed in the New York office of the Associated Press.

Of the minor agencies the most important are the Fabri Agency of Madrid, the Norsk Agency of Christiania, the Swiss Agency of Bern, the Svensky Agency of Stockholm, the Correspondenz Bureau of Vienna, the Commercial Agency of St. Petersburg, and the Agence Balcanique of Sofia.

But the Associated Press is not content to depend wholly upon these official agencies. It maintains its own bureaus in all the important capitals, and reports the more prominent events by its own men, who are Americans and familiar with American newspaper methods. These foreign representatives are drawn from the ablest men in the service, and the offices they fill are obviously of great responsibility. They must be qualified by long training in the journalistic profession, by familiarity with a number of languages, and by a presence and bearing which will enable them to mingle with men of the highest station in the countries to which they are accredited.—From Melville E. Stone's "The Associated Press" in the Century.

OCTOPUS UNCANNY THING.

Cuttlefish Have Been Found with a Reach of Thirty-eight Feet.

Of all the big game of the deep sea that have been taken by man the cuttlefishes are the most diabolical in shape and general appearance. I have handled and measured one that was 38 feet in length, a weird, spiderlike creature with two antennae-like arms 30 feet in length. Specimens of these animals have been caught 70 feet in length, the captors fighting them with an ax, cutting the arms which seized and held the boat.

Off the coasts of California and Alaska there is a deep sea ally of this animal—a big spiderlike octopus that haunts the deep banks, preying upon the fishes most esteemed by fishermen. It is found off the Farallones on rock bottom and at times the fishermen haul in their lines thinking that they have fouled a stone or rock so heavy is the weight, but when the surface is reached long, livid arms shoot above the water, seize the boat and the men are forced to fight with knives and hatchets the weird, uncanny game that has a radial spread of 30 feet, its eight sucker-lined arms being 15 feet in length and possessed of extraordinary power. A specimen taken off the Island of San Clemente had a spread of about 20 feet and gave the boatman a hard battle to sever its flying arms.

Nothing more diabolical can be conceived than this spiderlike giant of the deep sea, living among the rocks 600 and 1,000 feet below the surface. An individual of moderate size which I kept alive displayed the greatest pugnacity. The moment I approached it would literally hurl itself at my arm, winding its long tentacles about it in a manner suggestive of what a large individual might do. Indeed, Dr. A. S. Packard, professor of zoology at Brown University, says:

"An Indian woman at Victoria, Vancouver Island, in 1877 was seized and drowned by an octopus, probably of this species, while bathing on the shore. Smaller specimens on coral reefs sometimes seize collectors or natives and, fastening to them with their relentless suckered arms, tire and frighten to death the hapless victim."—Metropolitan Magazine.

Postponed.

A few weeks ago a young fellow who was much interested in horse racing, and who thought himself a bit of a tipster—especially after the race, when he had heard what had won—was shown up in his true colors. A group of youths happened to be standing together waiting for the news, and the prophet, seeing the messenger coming with the news, shouted:

"What's won the big race, Bill?"

"Oh, it's postponed!" replied Bill.

"Right again!" exclaimed the impostor. "Directly I got to the yard this morning I told my mates to be sure and back that one. Postponed," says I, "is the only horse in it! And there you are!"

Fully Prepared.

Since the Boston Board of Health announced that milk contained more than 500,000 bacteria to the cubic centimeter would be condemned, all the Boston girls now carry a high-power microscope in addition to their spectacles and goloshes.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Aggravated Case.

"Dustin Stax strikes me as being pious proud," said one citizen.

"No. He doesn't bother about anything as small as a purse. He's a national-bank proud."—Washington Star.

Do you like to cause people to rubber?

Humorous

Mrs. Jenks—You acted awfully silly when you proposed to me. Mr. Jenks—Well, I was!—Cleveland Leader.

He—Do you read all the popular novels of the day? She—Gracious, no! I have just time to see how they end.—Ex.

He—As I sat there alone, Hilda came along and offered me a penny for my thoughts. She—The extravagant creature!—Boston Transcript.

Old Gent—My poor child! Did not your parents leave you anything when they died? Poor Child—Yes! They left me an orphan!—Boston Transcript.

"Oh, papa, the duke has proposed to me!" "He has?" "Yes, papa. And he says I can wear a coronet! Here's the pawn ticket for it!"—Cleveland Leader.

Duffer—I've been figuring on the expenses of an automobile, and I find the greatest cost is the operation. Puffer—Mechanical or surgical?—Indianapolis Star.

Jim—Say, Bill, wot would yer do if yer had a million dollars? Bill—Oh, I s'pose I'd blow about half uv it makin' meself sick an' de other half tryin' ter find out wot wuz de matter wid me.—Ex.

"What does the first expert say?" "He says the prisoner is guilty." "And the second expert?" "Not guilty." "There's a third expert, isn't there?" "Yes; he says both the other experts are liars."—Houston Chronicle.

Officer—What is the complaint here? Orderly (offering basin)—Taste that, sir. Officer (tasting)—Well, I think it's excellent soup. Orderly—Yes, sir; that's the trouble; they want to persuade us it's tea.—Glasgow Evening Times.

Fond Young Mother (with her first born)—Now, which of us do you think he is like? Friend (judicially)—Well, of course, intelligence has not really dawned in his countenance yet, but he's wonderfully like both of you.—Punch.

Broadway—Too bad about old Gottrocks. Manhattan—Why, what's the matter with him? Broadway—He started in to make enough money to retire on, and made so much that he's got to work overtime to take care of it.—Life.

"Which do you think counts for the most in life, money or brains?" "Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "I see so many people who manage to get on with so little of either, that I am beginning to lose my respect for both."—Washington Star.

Guest—This is the fourth time I've rung for ice water! Bell Boy—I know it, sir, but the hotel is full of people that were at that same banquet, and every time I started down the hall to your room somebody reached out and snatched the pitcher!—Detroit Free Press.

The Actor—Look here, old man, I wish you'd lend me five dollars in advance, and take it out of my first week's salary. The Manager—But, my dear fellow, just supposing, for the sake of argument, that I couldn't pay you your first week's salary—where would I be?—Life.

The managing editor wheeled his chair around and pushed a button in the wall. The person wanted entered. "Here," said the editor, "are a number of directions from outsiders as to the best way to run a newspaper. See that they are all carried out." And the office boy, gathering them all into a large waste basket, did so.—Washington Life.

"Give you a nickel?" said Miss De Style; "oh, no. I never dispense promiscuous alms. Why do you not obtain employment?" "Please, num," was the timid reply. "I have a small baby, and people won't be bothered by a woman with a child." "Then, you absurd creature, why not leave the child at home with its nurse?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Gen. "Phil" Sheridan was at one time asked at what little incident he laughed the most. "Well," he said, "I do not know, but I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day, when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule, which was kicking its legs rather freely. The mule finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, the Irishman remarked: 'Well, begorra, if you're goin' to get on, I'll get off!'"

"It's mighty easy to make a mistake in a person," remarked John A. McCall of the New York Life Insurance Company a few days ago to a friend. "It's like the case of a sea captain I once knew. He got married late in life and progressed little further than the honeymoon when his wife packed up her duds and ran off with a handsome man. 'Well,' remarked the captain ruefully, as he contemplated the deserted home, 'seem like I got things wrong. I thought I had got a mate, but it seems I got a skipper instead.'"

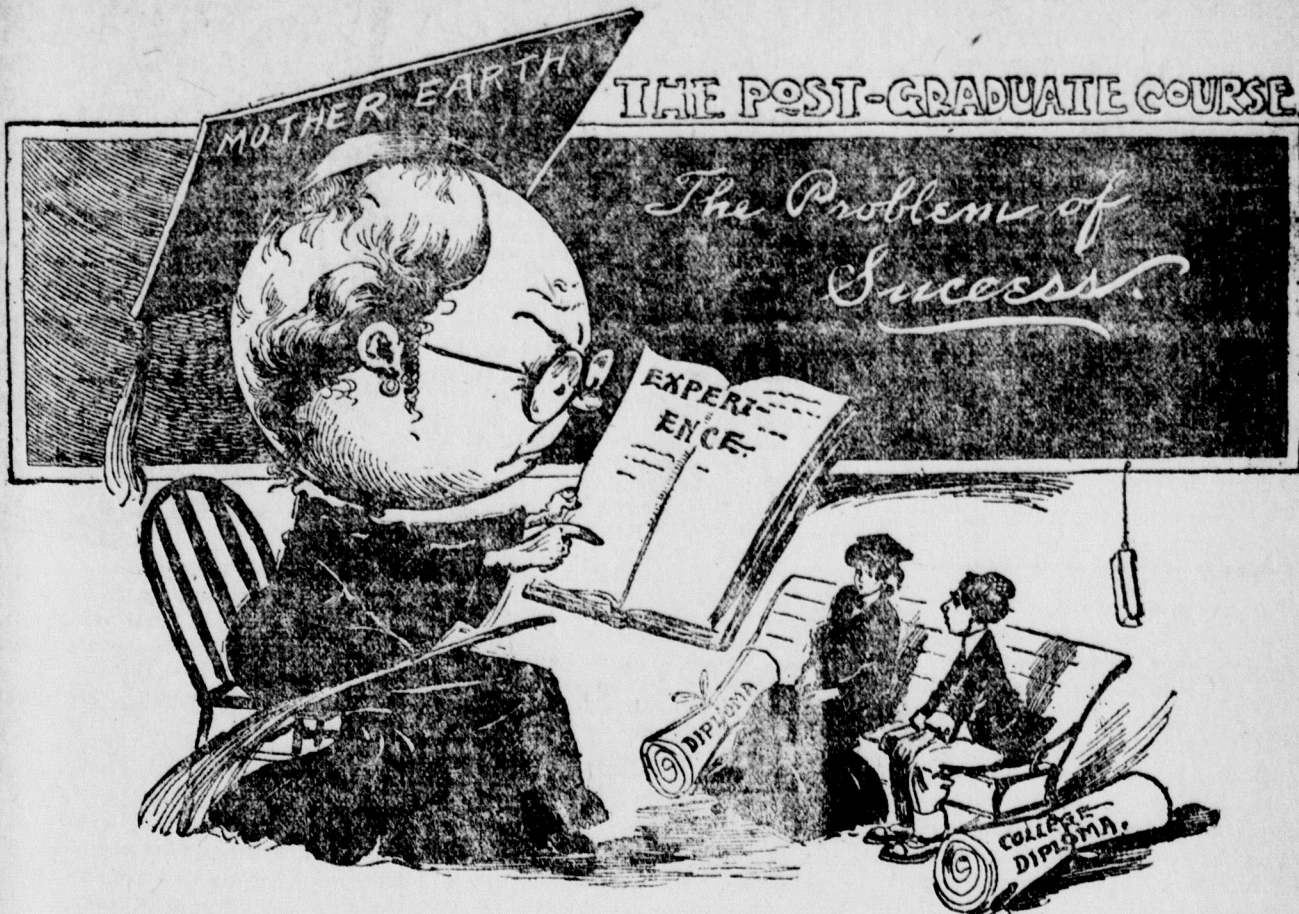
In Doubt.

"Is your invention a success?" "I don't know yet," answered the mechanical genius. "It is such a simple and effective device that I don't know whether I can develop enough imaginative eloquence concerning it to make people subscribe for stock."—Washington Star.

There Are Others.

Rhymer—I say, old man, are you ever troubled with writer's cramps? Spacer—Sure thing, especially when the expected check fails to arrive.

THE NEW TEACHER.



—Detroit Free Press.

THE ROSE.

O Love's star over Eden,
How pale and faint thou art!
Now lost, now seen above,
Thy white rays point and dart.
O tender o'er her move,
Shine out and take my part!
I have sent her the rose of love,
And shut in the rose is my heart.

The fireflies glitter and rush
In the dark of the summer mead;
Pale on the hawthorn bush,
Bright on the larkspur seed;
And long is heaven aflood
To give my rose godspeed
If she breathe a kiss, it will blush;
If she bruise a leaf, it will bleed.

O bright star over Eden,
All beautiful thou art;
To-day, in the rose, the rose,
For my love I have periled my heart;
Now ere the dying glow
From the placid isles depart,
The rose-bathed planet know
It is hers, my rose, my heart!
—Century.

AFTER TEN YEARS.

SHE was only a little girl a trifle younger than myself when I met her the first time near the playgrounds of the boarding school, where I had gone to seek some of my playmates, but found them all gone. Though I heartily despised girls as a most inferior class of beings, Julia, with her blue eyes, her dimpled chin and golden hair, was better than my company at all, and was, I imagined, greatly flattered when I asked her if she would take a walk with me.

We went into the woods until we came to the old mill down across the river. It was a dangerous place to cross, and she was at first afraid to come with me until I dared her to do so.

She shrank back as I led her along. I determined that she should go to a point where the water poured over a portion of the dam lower than the rest. I turned my back to step up on the post. It was but a moment. I heard a cry and saw Julia in the flood. The expression that was in her eyes is to this day stamped clearly in my memory—an expression of mingled reproach and forgiveness.

I could scarcely swim a dozen strokes, but not a second had elapsed before I was in the water. I swam and struggled and buffeted to reach her, all in vain. An eddy whirled me in a different direction. My strength was soon exhausted. I was borne down the river, sinking and rising, till I came to a place where I caught a glimpse as I rose to the surface of a man running along some planks extending into the river and raised above the water on posts. My feet became entangled in weeds. I sank. I heard a great roaring in my ears, then oblivion.

When I came to I was lying on my back. I remember the first thing I saw was a light cloud sailing over the clear blue. There was an air of quiet and peace in it that contrasted with my own sensations. Then I saw a man on his knees beside something he was rubbing. I turned, my head aside and saw it was a little figure—a girl, Julia. She was cold and stark.

My agony was far greater than when I had plunged after her into the stream. Then I hoped and believed that if she were drowned I would be also. Now I saw her beside me lifeless, and I lived.

The next day my father came and took me home. I was ill after that, too ill to ask about Julia, but when I recovered what a load was taken from my mind to know that by dint of rubbing and rolling and a stimulant she had been brought to and had recovered. I also learned that the man who cared for us had seen Julia fall and had rescued her. When I saw him running along the planks it was to his boat chained to the end. . . .

Ten years passed, during which I was constantly haunted by one idea—that was to go back and find Julia and implore her forgiveness. The years that I must be a boy and dependent

seemed interminable. At last I came of age, and received a small fortune that had fallen to me, and as soon as the papers in the case were duly signed and sealed I started.

It was just about the same time of the year and the same hour of the afternoon as when I first saw Julia that I walked into the old school grounds.

I was standing at the school entrance with my hand on the bell when I heard a door in the next house open and then shut. From that moment, I could feel that Julia was near me.

She came out of the house, a slender, graceful girl of 19, and picking up a tennis bat, commenced to knock the balls about.

"I beg your pardon," I said, raising my hat, "can you tell me if the school is still there?"—pointing to the house. "It was moved some years ago," she replied, regarding me with the old honest gaze.

"It was one of the scholars." "Indeed!" She spoke without any further encouragement for me to go on.

"I see the wood has not been cut away," I added, glancing toward it. "No; it does not seem to be." "Where you ever there?" "Oh, yes; often."

"And is that old dam still across the river?" "I believe it is."

She looked at me curiously. I went on without waiting for a reply.

"Would you mind showing me the way to it?" It is a long while since I was there.

She drew herself up with a slight hauteur. Then thinking that, perhaps, I was unaccustomed to the conventional ways of civilized life, she said pleasantly:

"You have only to walk through the wood straight, at the back of the house, and you will come to it."

"Thank you," I replied; "but I hoped you would show me the way."

She looked puzzled. "Miss Julia," I said, altering my tone, "I once met you when I was a boy here at school."

"I knew a number of scholars," she said, more interested; "whom may you be?"

I dreaded to tell her. "If you will pilot me to the dam," I said, "I will inform you."

She thought a moment, then turned and looked out at the wood. With the quick motion with which she had made the same move as a child she started forward.

We walked side by side to the wood, through it out to the river bank. There was the water and the dam; everything as it had been.

"Did you ever try to walk out there?" I asked.

"Once, when I was a child, I came here with a boy, and we walked to where the water pours over. I met with an accident. I fell in."

"The boy overpersuaded you, I suppose?"

It was difficult for me to conceal a certain trepidation at the mention of my fault.

"No, I went of my own accord."

"He certainly must have been to blame. He was older and stronger than you."

"On the contrary," she said, with a slight rising irritation, "he jumped after me like the noble little fellow that he was."

I turned away on pretense of examining a boat down the river.

"At any rate, he must have begged your forgiveness on his bended knees for permitting you to go into such danger."

"I never saw him again. He went away."

I fancied—at least, I hoped—I could detect a tinge of sadness in her voice.

"I have often wished," she went on, "that he would come back, as the other scholars sometimes do, as you are now, and let me tell him how much I thank him for his noble effort."

"Julia!" I said, suddenly turning and facing her. "This is too much. I am that boy. I led you into the wood. I forced you to go on the dam with me. I permitted you to fall in."

"And you more than atoned for all by risking your life to save me!" Ah! that look of surprised delight

which accompanied her words. It was worth all my past years of suffering, of fancied blame; for in it I read how dearly she held the memory of the boy who had at least shared the danger for which he was responsible.

I do not remember if she grasped my hand or I grasped hers. At any rate, we stood hand in hand looking into each other's face.

We did not part after that for another ten years. Then she left me to go whence I can never recall her.

Yet there is a trysting place in the woods, through which we once passed as children and often afterward as lovers.

There I watch the flecked sunlight and mark the silence, and it seems to me that I can "hear it be still."

More than that, I know the pure soul looks at me through the honest eyes.—Indianapolis Sun.

MAY TRANSFORM CHINA.

Kang Yu Wei, Driven from Empire, Expects to Return.

The transfiguration of the Chinese dragon into the American eagle is the metaphoric problem which in its solution is destined to change the complexion of the world's powers, according to Kang Yu Wei, "the modern sage of the Flowery Kingdom."

Involving almost one-half of the population of the world in its scope, and entirely revolutionizing the industrial, educational and political methods of a nation whose calendar is reckoned by the thousands of years, and whose territorial area is greater than the whole of Europe, this transformation growing day by day to a culmination which may mean a new and powerful nation in the Far East. China is to be awakened from its lethargy of centuries.

Driven from his country, with a price of \$100,000 set upon his head by the Dowager Empress because of his reform doctrine, Kang Yu Wei, former prime minister and counselor to the Emperor, during his seven years of exile has been gathering a mighty force to hurl against the walls of stagnation and the temples of retrogression.

Already he has built a system of educational and military training among the Chinese in nearly every quarter of the globe, and the first steps of the reform advance have been taken.

Working under the name and inspiration of the Chinese Empire Reform Association, fully 90 per cent of the Chinese in America are devoting energy and money to the upbuilding of the educational and military society which is to be the prime factor in the redemption of the Flowery Kingdom. This alone represents about 100,000 Chinese, each being taught a new patriotism for a new China and broader ideas of civilization.

Fleeing for his own life from China seven years ago, Kang Yu Wei has accomplished this and much more during his tours of the world, with the ultimate view of going back to the service of the Emperor with material assistance to work out the problem of reformation of a land of nearly 500,000,000 souls.

World Uses Barrell for Mail.

A barrel is nailed to a tree on a barren island in the Straits of Magellan on the southern coast of South America, and used as a postoffice. Ships passing there drop their mail in the barrel, and it is taken out and forwarded by the next ship which comes along bound in the direction of the letter's address. Sailors have found it a great convenience. It is international in character and all flags carry the mails from it free of charge. It is probably the only legitimate post-office in the world without a postmaster.

Ever notice that the ugliest girl in a bunch of girls generally does the most talking?

THE ENTERPRISE

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SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1905.

The Salvation Army has established a "Fresh-Air Camp" at Beulah, near Mills College, Alameda county. The camp is for poor mothers and children, where they will stay for a week or two, besides several days' outings for those who cannot go for a longer time. The camp is provided with tents, beds, bedding, chairs, tables, hammocks, cook stoves, kitchen utensils, crockery, groceries, fruit, milk, etc. This generous and goodly enterprise of the Army people means necessarily a considerable outlay in money as well as time and managerial ability. For the money the Army must depend upon the public. The Salvation Army has demonstrated its fitness as the steward for those who desire to do good by giving of their means. Donations in cash or needed articles should be addressed to Colonel Geo. French, 1271 Mission street, San Francisco, Cal.

Our esteemed contemporary, the San Mateo Times, has declared its position on the subject of lighting the public roads. The Times is opposed to the proposed improvement on the ground of "the enormous expense necessary to put it in operation."

The Enterprise started this agitation with the view of bringing the subject to the attention of the public and eventually to the consideration of the Board of Supervisors. In doing this we expected and desired a full discussion of everything connected with the proposition, an important feature of which is the question raised by the Times, viz., that of cost.

We do not at present know anything about the cost of maintaining lights on the main public road from Ocean View to Palo Alto. The annual cost per mile would undoubtedly be considerable, but that it would be "enormous" or so great as to render it impracticable we are not ready to concede. In this connection the fact should be kept in mind that such improvement will largely, if not entirely, pay or repay its cost by bringing into the county a very large increase of wealth and population.

The Times also urges that road lights are a "luxury" which we cannot afford until our roads have been greatly improved and brought to a high state of perfection. We grant it is of the utmost importance to have a perfectly smooth, hard, dry and durable roadbed, for the enormous travel and traffic which passes over Mission road nightly, as well as daily.

Upon such an ideal highway the lights might with some measure of reason be termed a luxury, as their principal function would be that of showing off the splendor of the road. As the road is at present, however, the lights would be useful rather than ornamental, and we see no reason why the improvement of the roadbed and the lighting of the road should not go hand in hand.

Our esteemed contemporary thinks "it is not probable that the taxpayers would consent to an additional levy until the expensive Courthouse has been completed and that element of expense lifted from their shoulders."

When the Times sees the names of such heavy taxpayers as the Southern Pacific Company, the Spring Valley Water Company, the United Railroads, the Western Meat Company, the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, the South San Francisco Railroad and Power Company, the Steiger Pottery Company, the Crocker Estate Company, the Bank of South San Francisco and a number of other big taxpayers on the petition now in circulation in favor of lighting our main county thoroughfare, its editor will doubtless conclude that the taxpayers are ready for this latest forward movement.

A GOOD ROADS PETITION.

The following petition is being circulated throughout the county and is being signed by the taxpayers, big and little.

It has already received the signatures of the Southern Pacific Company, the Spring Valley Water Company, the United Railroads, the South San Francisco Railroad and Power Company, the Western Meat Company, the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, the Steiger Pottery and Terra Cotta Company, the Crocker Estate Company, the Bank of South San Francisco, the South San Francisco Power and Light

Company and many other heavy taxpayers. A copy of the petition is in charge of C. L. Kauffmann at the Postoffice building, South San Francisco; of B. S. Green at Belli & Co.'s store, Colma; Hon. R. H. Jury at San Mateo; Hall C. Ross at Redwood, and copies will be placed at other points all over the county. The petition should be signed by every one who feels an interest in the improvement of our main thoroughfares.

To the Honorable, the Board of Supervisors of San Mateo County, California:

We, the undersigned, Citizens and Taxpayers of San Mateo County, appreciating the position our county occupies with reference to the City of San Francisco, and recognizing in the present rapid growth and development of that city the immediate necessity of keeping step therewith, and appreciating the fact that other localities less favored by nature, but more by enterprise, are seeking and obtaining the benefits of this development, and to our detriment, whilst we, the natural beneficiary of this growth, lie dormant, respectfully petition your honorable body to open the doors of our County and break down the barrier of no highways and poor roads which have for ages retarded our growth. We respectfully petition you to improve the Mission San Jose Road, and to open and macadamize San Bruno Avenue so as to connect it with San Bruno Road. We further petition you to light with electric lights the main highways of our county.

AUTOMOBILE BOULEVARD.

Proposed Interurban Highway for Horseless Vehicles.

The proposed construction of an automobile boulevard from this city to Baden, where it will join with the good roads which already exist in San Mateo county from that point south, is a commendable project in many ways than one. The Supervisors have an appropriation of \$17,500 available for the purpose, and the Automobile Club has undertaken the task of raising by private subscription an additional \$35,000 necessary to carry out the enterprise.

The promoters of the boulevard are planning, however, to restrict its use to automobiles and light vehicles only. Inasmuch as the route laid out for it embraces a section of the San Mateo county road, the exclusion of wagons and teams carrying farm and dairy produce, and other freight, will probably be inadmissible unless a substitute roadway for such traffic paralleling the county road is provided. Perhaps it would be better for the automobile club that the boulevard should be thrown open to all kinds of road traffic, as it would then be the means of familiarizing animals used in the suburban and rural districts only with automobiles, and remove the objection which farmers and others living in those sections raise against the use of the county roads by these machines. Horses in the country which rarely see automobiles shy at them when passing, as they did at electric cars and other horseless conveyances when they were first introduced. The most nervous horse soon overcomes his fear, however, when he discovers that the horseless vehicle will do him no harm, and becomes reconciled to it by constant experience. Instead, therefore, of excluding any kind of traffic from the new roadway, its use by all kinds of country teams should be encouraged.

The objections to automobiles would then as quickly disappear as they did in the case of steam and electric railways. The building of such a boulevard will also serve as an object lesson for the encouragement of good-road construction in other parts of neighboring counties and materially extend the mileage of highways suitable for automobilizing.—S. F. Chronicle.

The Enterprise endorses the position of the Chronicle on the boulevard. The idea of exclusiveness is repugnant to the great mass of the American people, and its application to a public road, which must be maintained by the people for all time, and at the public cost, would be intolerable. Besides, as so well stated by the Chronicle, the use of an automobile road by all sorts of teams and vehicles will accustom the horses to the horseless wagon and make the automobile popular.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.
An equable and healthful climate.
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.



Be Happy.

"All people that on earth do dwell,
Slug to the Lord with cheerful voice:

Him serve with mirth; His praise
forth tell,

Come ye before Him and rejoice."

These are apt thoughts for any season. Be happy; it is not only your privilege, but your duty. God wills it. God has wrought to that end, and bids you so work also. Make not only the most but the best of life. Be "true to the kindred points of heaven and home." Let there be gladness under the family roof tree. Let old and young rejoice together. Nor will the joy be less sweet and deep because it is sanctioned and sanctified by the Heavenly Father.

And let it be well remembered that no byway of selfishness leads to selfishness. Over the road of love and self-sacrifice and devout endeavor for the good and happiness of others, and only that way, lies the deep, safe haven of an untroubled peace. A man, saith Scripture, must give an account for every idle word; that is, for words that spring from a spirit of irreverence and religious sloth. How much more shall God call him to a reckoning for every unkind word, for every word shadowed and sharpened by a spirit of bitterness, selfishness and gloom!—F. C. McCook.

He Saw the Light.

It is recorded that when Joseph W. Folk, then district attorney in St. Louis, was ferreting out the first cases of legislative bribery he exposed there, he questioned unavailingly a Senator whom he knew in his heart to be guilty.

The Senator stoutly insisted that he was innocent, although confronted with witness after witness.

"Senator," said Mr. Folk, at last, "are you a God-fearing man? Do you and your wife say your prayers together every night?"

"We do, sir."

"Then, Senator, I want you to go home and pray about this. Pray to God for light—and come back to-morrow."

Early the next morning the Senator came to Mr. Folk's office. Tears were streaming down his face.

"I will tell all," he said, brokenly. "Thank God, I met you! I prayed last night, and was shown the light. Take me before the grand jury at once, and let me make a clean breast of it."

He revealed such a story of corruption in high places, says Green Bag, as staggered the State.

A Blessed Secret.

It is a blessed secret, this of living by the day. Any one can carry his burden, however heavy, until night-fall. Any one can do his work, however hard, for one day. Any one can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly and purely until the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever means to us—just one little day. Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptations, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them."

God gives us nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days. We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living.

What was the secret of such a one's power? What had she done? Absolutely nothing; but radiant smiles, becoming good humor, the tact of divining what every one felt and every one wanted, told that she had got out of self and learned to think of others.

—F. W. Robertson.

Onward and Upward.

We live but one life. We pass but once through this world. We should live so that every step shall be a step onward and upward. We should strive to be victorious over every evil influence. We should seek to gather good and enrichment of character from every experience, making progress ever from more to more. Whenever we go we should try to leave a blessing, something which will sweeten another life or start a new song or an impulse of cheer or helpfulness in another heart. Then our very memory when we are gone will be an abiding blessing in the world.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

Overcoming Worry.

I believe a little true philosophy and reasoning can go a great way in overcoming worry. I do not mean a deep and mysterious philosophy, but a simple application of common facts which appeal to intelligence. These facts are such as the following: "Worry can do no good. You cannot change things by being anxious. Worry unfits you for hard work, and hard work is the surest power to make wrong things right. It is foolish to waste time and

strength in doing that which only leaves one less time and less strength."

But there is also a sweeter philosophy which deals with principles of right and balance. It shows how things go crooked sometimes, that the final result may be more beautiful. It suggests how by some wisdom greater than ours wrongs, or apparent wrongs, are finally righted. It brings history and personal experience in array against a merely transient view of life, and proves how in the large and long run the man who waits and trusts is the man who succeeds.—Floyd Tompkins.

Little Threads.

What a multitude of threads make up a fringe; and yet how beautiful and costly when completed. And here is found a beauty of the real Christian life—the highest, truest Christian life. There are not a few who may be willing upon rare and notable occasions to do or suffer some great thing for Christ, but the ten thousand little things of life are entirely beneath their notice, as they also suppose them to be beneath the notice of the Lord.—P. S. Henson.

Love's Microscope.

How the microscope reveals beauties and hidden wonders in the world about us! And our eyes need assistance in studying the little blessings of life. God's small mercies prove his love and power as readily as the greater ones. Study them closely. Use love's microscope and you will find a world of wonder and beauty in those blessings you have accepted as a matter of course.

Contentment and Decay.

Sad will be the day for any man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life he is living, with the thoughts he is thinking and the deeds that he is doing—when there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger which he knows that he was meant and made to do because he is a child of God.—Phillips Brooks.

Daily Thought.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into the still air seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last—
In the dread judgment, they
And we shall meet.
—Keble.

MRS. FISKE AND THE TRUST.

Actress Takes a Fling at Some Phases of the Syndicate.

In Public Opinion Miss Beatrice Sturges in a character sketch of Mrs. Fiske, quotes the latter's opinion of the theatrical trust. Mrs. Fiske said to Miss Sturges: "It is not only unnatural but unjust for business men to control the theater, as the syndicate now owns practically every first-class theater in the country. Six business men, composing three firms of theatrical managers, combined, about eight years ago, for the purpose of controlling the leading theaters of the United States and Canada. This was done by making contracts of long terms with the local managers and then the syndicate was able to dictate its own terms. No booking can be made at these first-class theaters except through them and the percentage charged by them is enormous. If one does not submit to the terms of the syndicate one is barred from appearing not only at the first-class theaters, but, in some cases, in many towns which have a large and intelligent theater-going public. In this way the trust dictates to the actor and audience alike. The public certainly has a right to say which attractions it wants to see and the outrageous control of the theater by the syndicate is not fair treatment of the very people on whom it depends.

"I am just starting on a tour of the country and there are but few of what can be called first-class theaters in the country at which I can appear. In the western cities of St. Paul, Denver, Salt Lake, Sacramento and Los Angeles I am barred, for these towns are absolutely controlled by the trust. Yet each of these towns can furnish large audiences of cultured and charming people before whom I would love to play and who surely are entitled to their own choice of theatrical attractions."

Had Been Sailing on It.

A burly skipper and his mate entered a restaurant in Liverpool and demanded a "table-d'otty" dinner. In a few minutes a waiter approached and with a great flourish placed two plates of thin, watery-looking fluid before the pair. "Hi! me lad, what's this stuff?" demanded the mariner, gazing in amazement at the decoction in front of him. "Soup, sir," replied the waiter. "Soup!" shouted the old sea dog. "Soup! By gum, Bill! (turning to his mate), 'jest think o' that! 'Ere's you and me been sailin' on soup all our lives and never knowed it till now."

Never-Failing Crop.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Hatechild, "it seems to me as if I never saw so many babies and children in all my life. Look at that army of infants."

"Yes," said hub; "the whole population seems to be up in arms."—Detroit Free Press.

The New Disguise.

Dusty—Weary, what you pourin' all dat gasoline all over yer clothes for? Weary—Disguisin' meself as a chauffeur, so dat some automobilists will give me a lift to de next town.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A woman will forgive a man anything during courtship, but she'll not forget to throw it up to him after marriage.

Even a miser will give you advice freely.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at **BADEN CASH STORE,** South San Francisco, Cal.

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The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

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PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,
AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker,
Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,
Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, **SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL**

TOWN NEWS

Plenty doing.
Town growing.
Everybody busy.
Look out for fire.
Real estate rising.
Attend the ball tonight at Armour Pavilion.

The painters are at work on the Plymire residence.

Will Gindorff of San Francisco was a visitor here Tuesday.

Work is being rushed on the Martin block for the new bank.

Supt. R. K. Patchell left for Portland, Oregon, on Thursday.

Paolo Casiraghi has purchased the west half of lot 9 in block 119.

Work is progressing at a lively rate all along the Bay Shore Cut-off.

Supt. Edwards has his force of men wiring the different places at Colma.

Secretary Geo. H. Chapman paid our town a business visit Wednesday.

Mr. S. C. Coombs has been confined to his room the past two weeks by illness.

Mrs. Hawkins and grandson, Kenneth Loomis, are spending two weeks at Petaluma.

Erickson & Peterson have heading of the north end of the first tunnel in about 500 feet.

A. M. Sylvia is building a substantial fence around his property on Grand avenue.

The South City Athletic Club will give a boxing exhibition at the club rooms tonight.

If you wish to hear good music attend the band boys' ball at Armour Pavilion tonight.

The frame is up and building nearly enclosed for Mr. Eikerentorfer's new residence building.

Do not fail to attend the grand ball given by our local brass band tonight at Armour Pavilion.

A Sunday-school picnic for the Sunday-school children was given at Guild Hall Wednesday evening.

M. J. Hawes left for Reno, Nev., on Tuesday, where he will spend ten days enjoying a well-earned vacation.

Giovanni Cavellero has purchased the east half of lot 8 in block 124 and will proceed to build a home immediately.

William Craigh of San Francisco has accepted the position of locomotive engineer on the Western Meat Company's line.

Land Agent W. J. Martin had a large party of visitors examining the factory sites in the manufacturing district yesterday.

When a party of four goes on an exploring expedition in search of untold wealth, it is entitled to something more than six hard-boiled eggs.

Mrs. S. Erickson, mother of Contractor Erickson, is able to be up again, after being confined to her bed for the past two months by sickness.

Contractor Miner has torn down the old bridge on Grand avenue beyond the schoolhouse and in its stead has placed a 24-inch culvert and filled in the balance with earth.

There was a landslide on the railroad near the "Duck Ranch" Tuesday evening, which buried a big steam shovel and kept a gang of men busy all night digging it out.

Ralph Bostrom has resigned his position as shipper and receiver of stock for the Western Meat Company and accepted a like position with Henry Levy & Co. of "Butchertown."

Pound No. 2 has been established and opened at the residence of the undersigned near the Lux Ranch House.

A. T. SHERMAN, Poundkeeper.

Chas. Erickson of the firm of Erickson & Peterson, railroad contractors, left Tuesday for Portland, Oregon, to close a deal for the construction of 100 miles of railroad from Eastern Washington into Idaho.

The lodge hall in the new Martin brick building has been engaged for every night in the week except Saturday. This leaves only one night unengaged and we understand there are several applicants for this.

Wm. Quan has resigned his position as engineer on the Western Meat Company's locomotive and has accepted the position of chief engineer of the Pacific Jupiter Steel Works, made vacant by the retirement of A. M. Sacherer.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

The Bank of South San Francisco was opened for business on Saturday last as per announcement. Mr. Gluckman, the cashier of the new bank, is proving the right man in the right place by his efficiency and courteous and affable bearing.

The official force of the new brickyard company spent Wednesday here. It will be some time before the machinery for the new plant, which has been ordered from the East, will arrive. As soon as received the company will commence work.

Letters were received Thursday morning from Mrs. W. J. Martin by a number of her friends here describing her visit to Honolulu, also the trip to the volcano. Mrs. Martin and family are expected to return on the steamer Enterprise from Hilo July 28th.

Land Agent W. J. Martin made the following sales in block 119 Wednesday: East half of lot 9 to Maria Merdite, west half of lot 9 to John Ferrero and the east half of lot 10 to Chas. Ferrero. These parties all intend to erect homes on their property at once.

The Bank of South San Francisco is now a reality. It opened for business on July 15th. Your money deposited in the bank is safe from fire, thieves or accidental loss, yet it is always

available for use. The bank drafts (money-orders) are good at any business house or financial institution in the United States and Europe.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

The boxing contest given at Colma Wednesday night was of a high class and well patronized. All the details showed most excellent management. With a continuance of such business-like methods, which are extremely satisfactory to the public, there is no reason why Colma entertainments should not become permanent and popular.

Friends of Miss Gracie Martin are this week recipients of illustrated postal cards showing a view of Cocca-nut Island, Hilo, Hawaii. Miss Gracie visited the volcano on July 2d and the souvenir cards sent by this charming young lady to her friends are tinted by the smoke from the big crater and marked in one corner, "Burned at the volcano."

One of the best entertainments ever given in this town was that of the Ladies' Aid given at Butchers' Hall Friday evening, July 14th. Among those who aided in carrying out the interesting program were: Miss Alta Scanzigini, Miss Josie Miner, Mrs. W. A. Burnham, Mrs. A. Van Valin, Miss Justine DuBois, A. Van Valin, W. A. Burnham, E. Stocks and C. Young. The singing by Miss Scanzigini was excellent and has been a matter of favorable comment ever since the entertainment was given.

To Mrs. E. I. DuBois, who had charge of the program, is also due much credit for the success of the entertainment. The proceeds from the social netted a neat sum and the ladies contemplate giving another such social and entertainment in the near future.

DANCE AT MILLBRAE.

The Millbrae Social Club will give a grand ball at Millbrae Hall on Saturday evening, July 29th. Good music has been secured, and an excellent supper will be served at the hotel. Admission, gents 50 cents, ladies free.

A CARD.

I am prepared to give lessons in water-colors and oil to a limited number of pupils at my home on Commercial avenue. Classes to suit beginners or advanced pupils on Wednesday and Saturday.

MRS. J. P. FROST.

OLD BUILDING

SELLS FOR \$325

Sheriff Mansfield Buys Old Court House—Hog Ranch Com-plained of.

Last Monday the Supervisors opened bids for the sale of the old Court-house building at Redwood City, which must be removed at an early date.

But two bids were received, as follows: J. L. Mansfield, \$325; Kous-sell & O'Brien, \$55.

The bid of the Sheriff was accepted, and he was informed that upon the payment of the sum he was entitled to every part of the building with the exception of furniture and fixtures.

It is understood Mr. Mansfield will tear down the structure, and use the material in a new building for commercial purposes.

The Geo. S. Evans, G. A. R. Post of Redwood City, was given the usual yearly donation of \$25 to keep the plot in the cemetery at Redwood City in order.

Jacob Bryan of Colma appeared before the Board and made a complaint of the condition of hog ranches near his home. He said they engaged in the practice of dumping large loads of refuse near dwelling houses and were entirely un mindful of the right of any one or the health of the neighborhood. The result, he said, was that sanitary conditions were very bad. He also said a neighboring chicken raiser regularly carts out loads of offal from slaughter-houses and allows the mass to decay and fill the air with disease germs.

District Attorney Bullock said he had last week, in company with the Health Officer, caused the arrest of a number of offenders, and now that the practice was being again engaged in he would continue the war. He will visit the locality today and take such steps as he deems necessary to protect the health and rights of the residents of the neighborhood.

Last week Geo. H. Rice was employed to expert the books of the late Tax Collector, Frank Granger, and to arrive at a basis for the settlement of his affairs in order that the bondsmen may be released.

He presented his report, showing between the time of the late officer's settlement with the Treasurer and the date of his sudden death—which was only a portion of a month—he had collected the following sums: Licenses, \$1380; taxes, \$1559. Total, \$2939. This sum is in the bank to Mr. Granger's credit, and the Board will make a request on the executor of his estate for the sum. This step is required by law to be taken to protect both the county and the estate of the deceased officer.

The Sunset Telephone Company was given the contract for wiring the new Court-house and installing a new telephone system connecting each office.

Chairman Coleman was authorized to have the bridge on the county road near Burlingame examined and to ascertain whether it would be cheaper to build a new structure than to repair the old one.

The Colma cemetery matters, which have been occupying the attention of the Board for a year past, were indefinitely postponed. The reason given was the question had been set for hearing on this date, and no one was present to represent the various interests.

The Board has on hand claims aggregating about \$25,000 which must be cleaned up next month. After allowing a long batch an adjournment was taken until next Monday, when the balance will be disposed of.

The Clerk was instructed to adver-

tise for competitive plans, specifications and estimates of cost of furnishing the new Court-house. This work it is thought will entail an expenditure of from \$20,000 to \$25,000.—Leader, San Mateo.

FOR SALE.

One-horse buggy. Good condition. For price enquire of R. UHL.

RULE FOR PAYMENT OF WATER RATES.

It Will Be Enforced.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company has directed the local collector to give notice of and rigidly enforce its rule for the payment of the water rates in this town.

The July water rate must be paid on or before the last day of July. If not paid the water will in every instance be shut off on the 1st day of August and it will cost one dollar extra in every instance to have the water again turned on. This rule will apply to every month in the year; that is to say, the water rate MUST be paid within or before the end of the current month. No exceptions will be made and this rule will be rigidly enforced.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that teams must not be left standing on the streets of South San Francisco without being tied to a hitching post or otherwise secured; and hereafter in every case where a team is left unsecured and runs away upon the streets of said town the driver of such team will be promptly arrested and a charge of "disturbance of the peace" placed against him.

R. J. CARROLL, Constable.

NOTICE.

Owners of impounded stock are hereby notified that in case of my absence from the Pound they can obtain their stock by applying at the stock-yards office and paying charges.

A. T. SHERMAN, Poundkeeper.

TO LET.

A fine flat of eight rooms, new, in heart of business district, on Grand avenue. Enquire at Postoffice.

NOTICE!

For the accommodation of those having business with the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, its office in the Postoffice building will be open hereafter on Sundays between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock p. m.

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent.

NOTICE OF COPARTNERSHIP.

To all whom it may concern: We the undersigned, do hereby give notice, that we have this day entered into copartnership for the purpose of carrying on and conducting the business of saloon-keepers, at South San Francisco, County of San Mateo, State of California, under the firm name and style of Burns and Johnson; that the names in full of all the members of such copartnership are: Thomas L. Burns and Andrew Johnson, and that the places of our respective residences are set opposite our respective names hereto subscribed. In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands this 11th day of July, 1905.

THOMAS H. BURNS,

South San Francisco, Cal.

ANDREW JOHNSON,

South San Francisco, Cal.

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of San Mateo, State of California.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND AND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, a corporation, Plaintiff, vs. F. H. WADDELL, Defendant.—No. 2726.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of San Mateo, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said County of San Mateo.

The People of the State of California send greeting to F. H. WaddeLL, defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action on above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the County of San Mateo, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or will apply to the court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the County of San Mateo, State of California, this 20th day of June, A. D. 1905.

(Seal of the Superior Court.)

H. W. SCHABERG, Clerk.

By CLAUDE FOX, Deputy Clerk.

JESSE W. LILIENTHAL, Attorney for Plaintiff.

EAST In Winter

You want the best through sleeping car service over the shortest roads, with the best roadbed and least trouble with snow, ice and storms.

Ask about the unequalled, personally conducted excursions of the

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

via the

Ogden Short Line

or the

Sunset Border Route

through New Orleans.

No need of applying elsewhere. See your home agent

G. W. HOLSTON, Agent

or write

PAUL SHOUP, D. F. & P. A.,

16 South First St., San Jose, Cal

TO LET.

The Del Paso Hotel of 21 rooms, on San Bruno avenue, South San Francisco, Cal. Inquire at Postoffice.

FOR SALE.

Lot and cottage of three rooms near business center, \$1000. For terms inquire at Postoffice.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Arrivals still in excess of trade requirements; market little steadier than last week.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Coming principally from Nevada; quality choice; prices steady.

HOGS—California shippers offering more freely than for several weeks; prices steady.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand.

LIVESTOCK—Prices quoted are per pound for all the cattle weigh alive delivered and weighed on San Francisco market.

CATTLE—No. 1 Steers, 3¢@3½¢; 2nd quality, 2½¢@3¢; Thin Steers, 2½¢@2¾¢; No. 10 Cows and Heifers, 2½¢@2¾¢; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 2¼¢@2½¢; third quality, 2¢@2¼¢.

HOGS—Hard, grain fed, 130 to 275 lbs. 6¢; over 275 to 350 lbs. 5½¢@5½¢; rough undesirable hogs, 4¢@4¼¢; hogs weighing under 130 lbs. 5¢.

SHEEP—No. 1 Wethers, 3½¢@3¾¢; No. 1 Ewes, 3¢@3½¢; Suckling Lambs, 4¼¢@4½¢ gross weight.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs. alive, gross weight, 4¢@4¼¢; over 250 lbs. 3½¢@4¢.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—Market firm—First quality steers, 5¼¢@5½¢; second quality, 4¾¢@5¢; third quality 4½¢; thin steers, 4¢@4¼¢; first quality cows and heifers, 4½¢@4¾¢; second quality, 4¢@4¼¢; third quality, 3½¢@4¢.

VEAL—Large, 6¼¢@7½¢; medium, 8¢@8½¢; small, good, 8½¢@9¢.

MUTTON—Market firm—Wethers, heavy, 6¢@6½¢; light, 7¢@7½¢; Heavy Ewes, 5¢@5½¢; Light Ewes, 6¢@6½¢; Suckling Lambs, 7½¢@8½¢.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 8½¢@9¢.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 12½¢@13¼¢; picnic hams, 8¾¢; Boiled Hams, skin on, 17½¢; skin off, 19½¢.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 17½¢; light S. C. bacon, 15½¢; med. bacon, clear, 10½¢; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 10½¢; clear, light bacon, 13½¢; clear ex. light bacon, 14¢.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, \$12.00; do. hf. bbl, \$6.25; Family Beef, bbl, \$11.50; hf. bbl, \$6.00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$11.50; do. hf. bbl, \$6.00.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 10¢; do. light, 10½¢; do. Bellies, 11¢; Clear, bbls., \$19.00; hf-bbls., \$9.75; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls. \$5.00; 25-lb. kegs, \$2.10; kits, \$1.25.

LARD—Prices are ¾ lb.:

Tes. ¼-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s.

Compound 5¼ 5¾ 5½ 5¼ 5¼ 6¾

Cal. pure 9¼ 9½ 9½ 9½ 10 10½

In 3-lb tins the price on each is ½¢ higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.40; 1s \$1.35; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.30; 1s, \$1.30.

PRIMOS & SALAD OIL—

Tierces—about 50 gallons..... \$ 40 gallon

5 gallon tins—1 per case..... 45 "

1 " " 10 " " " " " 60 "

½ " " 20 " " " " " 65 "

Quart Bottles 12 " " " " " 1.85 dozen

Flat " 24 " " " " " 1.00 "

½ pint " 36 " " " " " 85 "

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Residence, Martin Brick Block, Grand

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SAN MATEO BANK

San Mateo, Cal.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL.....\$200,000.00
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL.....100,000.00
PAID UP CAPITAL.....50,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....2,500.00

OFFICERS: J. J. FAGAN, President and Cashier; ROBERT WISNOM, Vice President; HENRY W. HAGEN, Assistant Cashier.
DIRECTORS: J. J. Fagan, E. A. Husing, Robert Wisnom, J. H. Coleman, A. P. Giannini, Andrea Sbarboro, Geo. W. Dickie.

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General Merchandise

Upon investigation you will find that we are in line to do business with you. Our stock consists of

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Gents' Furnishings

Boots and Shoes

Hardware

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South San Francisco's Only General Store

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SOUTH CITY BRANCH

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Fine Tailoring

Gents' Furnishing, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes

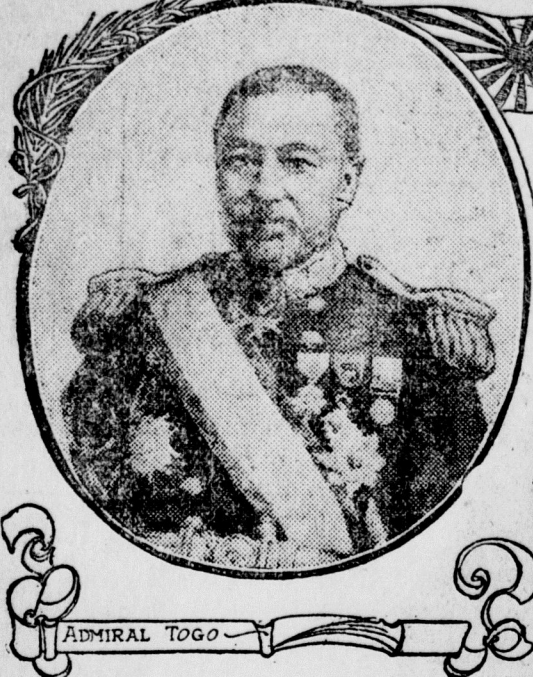
An elegant line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes.

NOTIONS EYE GLASSES STATIONERY

Ladies' and Children's Underwear and Hosiery.

THE BATTLE OF THE SEA OF JAPAN

History's Greatest Naval Fight—



ADMIRAL TOGO



"The Battle of the Sea of Japan" is the name which Admiral Togo has given to the great naval fight in which Russia's sea power was destroyed. So complete was his victory and so firmly has he established Japanese naval power in Asiatic-Pacific waters that it may well be that never again will a sea fight of comparable magnitude be fought in the same sea and that this battle will indeed remain forever "the" battle of the Sea of Japan. Such an overwhelming victory for Togo no naval expert had dared predict. It will be the wonder and the study of coming generations of sailor men. Doubtless it has furnished material which will go far toward deciding the future of the battle ship and the torpedo boat.

The Russian Baltic fleet sailed from Madagascar March 16, ordered by the Czar to retrieve the disaster of Mukden by destroying the Japanese fleet and regaining control of the far eastern seas. The fleet was sighted twice on its way across the Indian Ocean. Rojstvensky passed Singapore April 8 and arrived at Kanton Bay, on the French Indo-China coast, April 14. Here he recoiled his ships, overhauled them, and awaited the arrival of Rear Admiral Nebogotoff with the third division of the fleet. Nebogotoff arrived May 8, and May 14 the united fleet sailed from the French coast. May 20 the fleet was sighted in the Bashee channel, south of Formosa. May 23 several of the Russian ships appeared



VICE ADMIRAL ROJSTVENSKY.

at Shanghai, and the whole fleet was reported at Saddle Islands, sixty-five miles away. On the night of May 25 Rojstvensky, with a fleet of thirty-six ships, including eight battleships, three coast defense ships, three armored cruisers, five protected cruisers, four hospital and repair ships, and thirteen destroyers, sailed from Saddle Islands.

The morning of May 27 the entire fleet was sighted at the entrance of the Korean straits, steaming northward. At noon May 27 the fleet was passing Tsushima Island, at the narrowest part of the straits, midway between Japan and Korea. There Togo gave battle.

Togo's battle plan was as masterly as it was simple. He sent Kamimura with a comparatively weak squadron to the entrance of the Korean Strait.

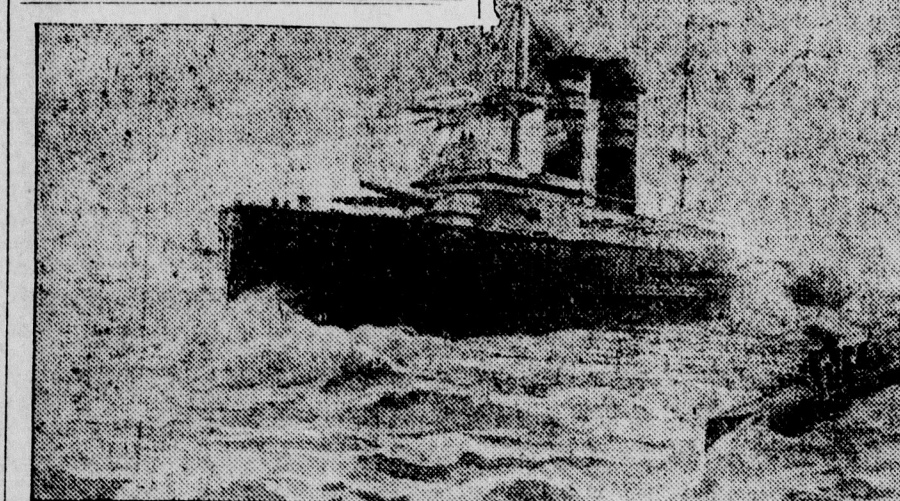
Rojstvensky did not even fire a shot at it. Sweeping on to the northward the Russian fleet attempted to pass between Tsu Islands and the coast of Japan. His battle formation was childishly weak. His fleet extended in two long lines, the battleships in the eastern column, the cruisers and lighter craft in the western. As he passed Iki Island, southeast of the Tsu Islands, Uru's squadron, which had been concealed in one of the deeply indented bays on the Japanese coast, dashed out to attack him. At the same instant a cruiser squadron and a torpedo flotilla appeared in his pathway, and Togo with his heavy battleships and armored cruisers appeared from behind the Tsu Island and attacked from the west, Kamimura, in the meantime, coming up from the south.

The Russian fleet was surrounded. Its battle formation was broken up. Of the thirty-six ships Rojstvensky took into battle one small cruiser and two destroyers have arrived at Vladivostok. A second cruiser escaped to the Siberian coast, but ran upon a reef and was blown up by its own commander. Three cruisers found shelter

at Manila, where they were interned. Togo sunk or captured twenty-five Russian warships. Only the little cruiser Almaz and a few destroyers escaped to Vladivostok. Vice Admiral Rojstvensky, seriously wounded, was taken prisoner, as was Rear Admiral Nebogotoff. Rear Admiral Voelkersam and Rear Admiral Enquist were killed. The loss of life was frightful. More than 5,000 Russian sailors were killed or drowned, and more than 3,000 were taken prisoners. Togo's battleships and cruisers escaped practically unscathed, and he lost only three destroyers in the battle. About 200 of his men were killed and wounded.

Togo's victory has made his country for the future secure immune from all danger of wanton aggression by occidental nations. There is no safer nation in the world to-day, unless it be the United States. Japan has no widespread colonies to defend as has England. It has no weak borders and hostile neighbors as have Germany and France. Only on the most serious provocations will any western nation quarrel with it, and then only perhaps if western nations are unani-

mous as to the rights and wrongs of the quarrel. Japan can easily use her power to her own ruin. That she will not go thus astray we may confidently be-



THE MIKASA, ADMIRAL TOGO'S FLAGSHIP.

lieve, because of the wisdom she has shown in the recent years while she has been deciding upon her policy toward Russia and preparing to carry it into execution.

Something of what this victory has guaranteed to Japan it will also guarantee to China. That Japan will henceforth be the dominant spirit in Chinese affairs is as good as assured. The vivisection of the Chinese empire will no longer have ardent advocates among the nations. "Spheres of influence" are much more apt to decrease than to enlarge as the years go on.

ADMIRAL TOGO.

Personal Peculiarities of the Japanese "Tiger of the Sea."

Togo stands alone. There is none with which to compare him. Farragut, Decatur, Lawrence, Nelson—such famous sea fighters simply upheld the records of their race and added glory to the fame already possessed by the flags under which they fought. But Togo comes of a race with no naval record; his career and the rise of Japan as a sea power are one and indissoluble. He is the most brilliant example of what occidental means may accomplish when grafted upon oriental methods. If Japan has many men of his caliber to hurl into the marts of

peace as well as into the arena of war, then must the white men of the west look well to their laurels.

The persistence, the patience, the self-sacrifice, the bravery, the energy, the adaptability, the initiative, the accuracy of judgment, the power of discrimination—these traits of character displayed by Togo, by those whom he has directed and by those who have directed him, if turned into the channels of manufacture and trade as they have been utilized in war, will make of the despised yellow race of the east a competitor capable of rivaling if not excelling the best efforts of those races whose energy and ingenuity have been the drivewheels of progress and modern civilization. Japan has but just now discovered herself. She is in the self-asserting mood. She is the marvel of the present and the enigma of the future.

Of a family of the lesser nobility, he was sent to England at the time when Japan was waking from her long sleep. There he was educated. There he drank in the ways of the occident without losing in the smallest degree the nature of the orient. There he served on a training ship and spent years in a naval school. When still a lad, he went back to the Land of the Rising Sun prepared to do his full share in that marvelous transformation which has changed Japan from a sleeping land of romance to a place among the great powers in a modern and progressive world. He was placed in charge of the Japanese navy yard. He watched and directed every detail.

When the war with China broke out ten years ago he commanded a battleship and aided in bringing the Flowery Kingdom to her knees. He, like his race in general, accepted the victory as silently as was accepted the theft by Russia of the benefits of that war. The indignity forced upon Japan by Russia and the powers of the west at that time was met with scarcely a protest. Japan had not yet been awake long enough to stand upright and defiant in the face of her oppressors. But there would come a time.

Patience Togo waited. Patiently the people of Japan waited. But while they waited they prepared. The time came. Russia, domineering, aggressive and false, pushed the yellow men too close to the wall. Then came the blow straight from the shoulder. The world woke up. It laughed, while it cheered the island nation in its defiance of the great Muscovite empire which stretched its huge bulk from the Baltic to the Pacific, all the way across Europe, all the way across Asia. It was the defiance of Lilliput to Brobdingnag. It was the coming out of David to meet the Goliath of nations.

From the moment of that first blow in the harbor of Chemulpo to the obliteration of the Russian fleet in the straits of Korea, from Port Arthur to Mukden, the yellow man has known nothing of anything but victory. Victory often hard won, but always victory.

Russia has been hurled from her place high up among the naval powers almost to the bottom of the list, while Japan assumes a position from which she may dictate, with a reasonable assurance of being listened to, for the

A Little Lesson In Patriotism

"Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."—Daniel Webster.

What Andrew Curtin was to the State of Pennsylvania and other Eastern States, Oliver Perry Morton was to the commonwealth of Indiana and the Middle West. When President Lincoln sent out his call for volunteers in 1861 among some of the States there was hesitation in raising the quota. The Indiana quota, however, was furnished at once by O. P. MORTON, Governor Morton.

Upon the 24th of April, 1864, Governor Morton reconvened the legislature of the State in order to obtain the authority to borrow \$2,000,000 for the provisioning and care of the troops. He displayed the greatest energy in placing the troops in the field and in providing for their sustenance. He gave permission to citizens of Indiana to raise troops in Kentucky and he allowed Kentucky regiments to be recruited from the population of two of the southern counties of his own State.

When, in 1862, the legislature of the State became Democratic, the Republican members withdrew, leaving both houses without a quorum. In order to carry on the State government Morton took the extreme measure, and one that brought him into the greatest odium, the appointment of a bureau of finance for the disbursement of the funds. They appropriated more than a million dollars. The Supreme Court condemned the proceedings of the Governor, but the State subsequently honored them as a war measure.

JAPANESE ADMIRAL FOLLOWS DEWEY'S MANILA TACTICS.

Rear Admiral Sotokichi Uru, who bore the brunt of fighting in the great naval battle in the Straits of Korea, followed about the same tactics Dewey employed at Manila. Admiral Uru was in command of the division of Togo's fleet which bore in and attacked the Russian ships under Nebogotoff, as a result of which the Russians were thrown into terror and thoroughly routed. Admiral Uru, the victor of



REAR ADMIRAL SOTOKICHI URU.

Chemulpo, who is 47 years old, graduated from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1881. He comes of a very old samurai family of Kaga, on the Japan Sea. His government picked him out as one of the cleverest, most daring students of the Japanese Naval Academy and sent him to this country to study. Before he became rear admiral he commanded the cruiser Matsushima and the first-class battle-ship Yashima, sunk a year before. During the war with China he was a naval attaché at the Japanese embassy in Paris. Since his promotion he has been chief of the bureau of naval intelligence of the navy department, a part of the general staff of the Japanese war office. It was he who planned the great naval war game of 1903 which was reviewed by the Emperor at Kobe. Admiral Uru's wife is a charming Japanese woman, a graduate of Vassar, formerly Miss Nagai, sister of one of the most prominent merchants of the empire.

Chestnuts a Paying Crop.

The boys may be interested to know that chestnuts prove a very profitable crop. Experts claim that an orchard of chestnuts will bring greater returns to the owner than an apple orchard of the same size, as the nuts are retailed on the street corners at about \$6 a bushel, while the Italian who sells roasted chestnuts receives pay for them at the rate of at least \$8 a bushel. The tree is one of the most rapid growers, and has been known to bear fruit at five years of age.—St. Nicholas.

One Day of It Enough.

A story is told of a young man who went to work for a stingy farmer out in Kansas. At 3 o'clock the next morning the farmer called him to begin the day's labors. A few minutes later the hired man went downstairs with his grip. "You ain't going to take that grip to work, are you?" asked the farmer. "Naw," replied the man scornfully, "but I am going to find some place to stay all night."



RUSSIAN BALTIC SQUADRON WHICH WAS DESTROYED.

Help! Help! I'm Falling

Thus cried the hair. And a kind neighbor came to the rescue with a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair was saved! In gratitude, it grew long and heavy, and with all the deep, rich color of early life. Sold in all parts of the world for sixty years.

"About one year ago I lost nearly all of my hair following an attack of measles. I was advised by a friend to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. I did so, and as a result I now have a beautiful head of hair."—Mrs. W. J. BROWN, Menomonee Falls, Wis.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufactured at
Ayer's
SARSAPARILLA.
PILLS.
CHERRY PECTORAL.

An Open Question.



"Mamma says girls ought to learn to cook instead of to play the piano. What do you think?"

"Well, it all depends on whether it would be worse to eat what they cooked or hear what they played."—Chicago Tribune.

Perfectly Safe.

Weary Walker—Say, yer a disgrace ter de profess. I heard yer tellin' dat woman yer'd saw some wood for her if she gey yer a meal.

Ragson Tatters—G'on! Don't yer s'pose I made sure foist dat she didn't have no wood ter saw?—Philadelphia Press.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE. Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns, Ingrowing Nails and Bunions. All Drug-gists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

Greatest of the Great.

She (at the piano)—Who, in your estimation, is the greatest living composer?

He—I can't recall his name just now, but he manufactures a popular brand of soothing syrup.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

There is a grave-digging school in Brussels, and all the candidates for the post of sexton in Belgium to be eligible must have graduated from this school.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE TRIAL BOTTLE and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

At the present moment there are 194 monuments in Germany that have been completed to Prince Bismarck, while forty-four others are in process of construction or are planned.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

A Frenchman named Geffot has invented an artificial bait consisting of a gelatinous paste for use in the Newfoundland fisheries.

Sun Flower Rye, the best family whiskey. Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco.

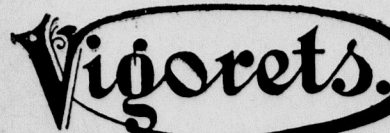
A Son's Suggestion.

Father (cutting the whip smartly through the air)—See, Tommy, how I make the horse go faster without striking him at all.

Tommy—Papa, why don't you spank us children that way?—Glasgow Times.

Brown's dinners aren't much and he lives out of the way, but there's always the high balls of Old Gilt Edge whisky. Wichman, Luigen & Co., 29-31 Battery st., S. F., sole proprietors.

The charge for wireless messages to ships in the Atlantic from any postal telegraph office in the British Isles will be 6½ pence per word, and a minimum charge of 6 shillings and 6 pence. Telegrams can be addressed like this: "Jones, Lucania, Atlantic."



A tiny, chocolate coated tonic laxative tablet, that gives VIGOR and health to the STOMACH, LIVER and BOWELS, thereby curing—

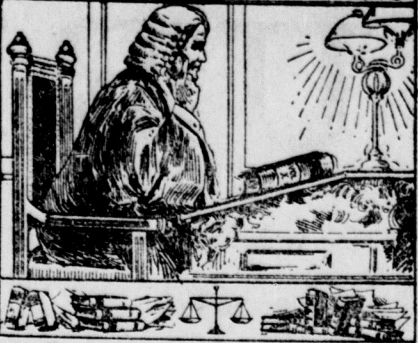
Sick Headaches
Biliousness
Sallow Complexion
Torpid Liver
Dyspepsia
Jaundice
Indigestion
Heartburn
Loss of Appetite
Pimples
Sour Stomach
Dizziness
Nausea
Foul Breath

Take only one "VICORET" at bed time and they will move the bowels gently, yet thoroughly each day and permanently cure—

CHRONIC CONSTIPATION

They cool, cleanse and purify the blood and are sold by all druggists in 25c packages (50 tablets) and 10c trial size (10 tablets.)

JUDICIAL DECISIONS



The right of a municipal corporation which has a contract right to purchase waterworks from one who undertakes to construct and operate them, to sell and transfer it to a third person, is sustained in *De Motte vs. Valparaiso* (Ind.) 66 L. R. A. 117.

A municipal corporation is held, in *Bowden vs. Kansas City* (Kan.), 66 L. R. A. 181, to be performing a ministerial public duty in maintaining a fire station, and to be liable in damages to an employee for personal injuries sustained, resulting from neglect on the part of the corporation to furnish him a reasonably safe place in which to work.

A carrier which issues, in exchange for bills of lading surrendered to it, orders directing the delivery of grain en route to certain purchasers or the consignee or his order on presentation of the orders and stamps across the face of them a statement, signed by its agent, that cars will be delivered on them the same as on the bills of lading taken up, is held, in *National Newark Banking Company vs. Delaware, L. & W. R. Co.* (N. J. Err & App.), 66 L. R. A. 595, to be thereby charged with notice of the rights of the consignee and to be liable to it in an action for the conversion of the grain by delivering it to the purchasers from the consignee upon the latter's written instructions without presentation of the orders.

POOR CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

One Man Says Reading of City Directory Excites Him Unduly.

"Insomnia?" said the man wearing the medical vandyke. "Ah, my friend, don't monkey with opiates or sleeping drafts. Just take a copy of the city directory, start at A and before you have read many pages you'll fall asleep. Try it."

"That's just what another fool told me to do," retorted the man with the dark circles under his eyes. "And I tried it."

"Wasn't successful, eh?"

"Well, not by a jugful. Only last night I took a copy of the city directory and started up and down the monotonous array of names. I got through the A's all right and was just getting drowsy when I hit the B bunch."

"Well?"

"Before long I came to the name J. Herkimer Jones. Well, sir, that man is my landlord and I don't mind telling you that I am behind two months in the rent. Do you think that jolt to my memory was the slightest aid to slumber, hey?"

"But you persevered?"

"I did, sir; I kept right on like a fantastic fool and that's why I am a nervous wreck this morning."

"Before long my optics were trailing down the D column and my head was wearily sinking back on the pillow. Just then my eye lit on the name, Davies, David H. M. D."

"Well, that happens to be the name of the medico who pulled me through a bad case of the grip last winter. I owe him \$25 for medical attendance. Getting wiser, I skipped the E bunch, because I knew it contained the names of a coal man and a grocer that have been writing me dunning letters."

"With a sort of delicious determination I started through the F department and in less than five minutes I struck the name 'Firkins, J. Fenimore,' a gentleman who went bankrupt recently and swindled me out of a lot of hard-earned money. Of course that recollection had a sweet soporific effect on my nerves, didn't it."

"But then you stopped reading?"

"No, I kept right on and received a most crushing blow to my self-esteem right in the G column, where I ought to have been at home. My name, sir, the name of J. Archibald Guffkins, was not in the blame directory. Think of that, sir, think of that! And it will be a whole year before I can have it inserted! Cure for insomnia, tush!"

Whereat the sleepless one stalked angrily out of the car.—New York Sun.

The Dutchman's Revenge.

The Lidgeford, N. D., Broadaxe tells of a Dutchman who refused to pay 35 cents fare to Hankinson. He stated that before he would pay more than 25 cents he would get off and walk. The conductor stopped his train and put him off. The Dutchman ran ahead of the engine and started to walk. The engineer began to blow the whistle. The Dutchman said: "You can vissle all you vant to, I von't come back."

The Old Man's Joke.

"Young man, do you mean to tell me that you indulge in cigarettes?"

"Ye—yes, sir."

"And I wouldn't be surprised if you had a box in your pocket right now?"

"Ye—yes, sir."

"Then give me one; I'm dying for a smoke."—Houston Post.

Enough Said.

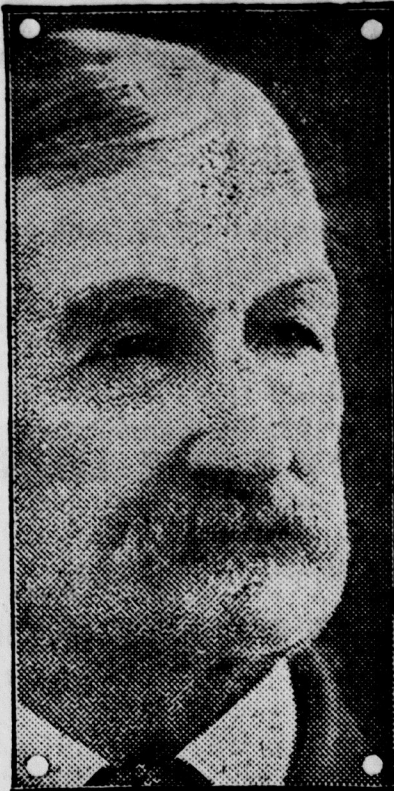
"Flanagan called ye a liar, did he?"

"He did that."

"An' what did ye do?"

"Flanagan."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A VETERAN OF THE BLACK HAWK, MEXICAN AND THE CIVIL WARS.



CAPT. W. W. JACKSON.

Sufferings Were Protracted and Severe—Tried Every Known Remedy Without Relief—Serious Stomach Trouble Cured by Three Bottles of Perna!

Capt. W. W. Jackson, 705 G St., N. W., Washington, D. C., writes: "I am eighty-three years old, a veteran of the Black Hawk, Mexican and the Civil Wars. I am by profession a physician, but abandoned the same."

"Some years ago I was seriously affected with catarrh of the stomach. My sufferings were protracted and severe. I tried every known remedy without obtaining relief."

"In desperation I began the use of your Perna. I began to realize immediate though gradual improvement."

"After the use of three bottles every appearance of my complaint was removed, and I have no hesitation in recommending it as an infallible remedy for that disorder."—W. W. Jackson.

Address Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Cow's Sneezing Sign of Rain.

"There was an old negro slave on my uncle's farm down in Tennessee who was a peculiar chap, and of whom the youngsters about the place—white as well as black—stood in fear," said Senator Carmack in conversation with a group of friends.

"This aged Senegambian, Uncle Tom by name, could give all the modern weather sharps cards and spades and beat them, for he could predict with almost unerring accuracy what the elements would be doing. One day I was standing out in the cow pen beside the old man, when he suddenly exclaimed: 'Did you hear that?'"

"Hear what, Uncle Tom?"

"Hear that old speckled cow sneeze. Sho' as you am libin', boy, it am a gwine ter rain befo' mornin', kase whenever you hear a cow sneeze dat means rain."

"Sure enough, it poured down from the skies, as Tom had foretold. Prior to that I had never taken note of a cow's sneezing, and there may be skeptical folks who would doubt that this was a bovine habit, but my own belief in it is firmly established, and I am equally sure that old Tom had good cause to establish a connection between it and wet weather."—Washington Post.

One of London's Mysteries.

"Astounding" is the only word to apply to the statistics of "mysterious disappearances" in London last year. No less than 35,262 cases were notified to the police, and in less than half was any trace of the missing persons discovered. In other words, something like seventy Londoners disappear every day of the year, so completely that nothing more is ever heard of them. No doubt a certain proportion of this total have their own reasons for vanishing. Others may commit suicide in such a manner that their remains are never found. But that cannot account for all.

THE KEELEY CURE
Donohoe Bldg.
Cor. Market
and Taylor Sts.

What the Keeley Treatment can do is being demonstrated every day by our patients. A safe and successful treatment for Alcoholism and drug addictions. Send for all information. **THE KEELEY INSTITUTE SAN FRANCISCO**

THE DAISY FLY KILLER destroys all the flies and affords comfort to every home—in dining room, sleeping room and all places where flies are troublesome. Clean and will not injure anything. Try them once and you will never be without them. If not kept by dealers, send prepaid for 30c. **Harold Somers, 18 Deland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS
KINDLY MENTION THIS PARER

S. F. N. U. No. 29, 1905

PISO'S CURE FOR
THOSE WHO CAN'T GET WELL
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

PULSE of the PRESS

If Bontanist Burbank wishes to confer a real boon on humanity he should set to work to improve the strawberry at the bottom of the box.—Chicago News.

It is costing Uncle Sam a big round of ducats for rural free delivery. In return, he is entitled to the very best highways local effort can give him.—Burlington Hawkeye.

It would be interesting if the men of the nation could go into executive session and find out how many of them secretly agree with Mr. Cleveland in his criticism of women's clubs.—Washington Post.

Mexico is extending a hearty welcome to Mormons and Dowdites, and the United States will give them an enthusiastic sendoff if they will only migrate there en masse.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Wisconsin has driven out the cigarette, and now proposes to tax the bachelor. There is nothing left for the bachelor but to come to Oregon, where he can smoke himself to death.—Portland Oregonian.

The Osage Indians might, if they possessed the enterprise, successfully buck the Standard Oil Company. They have the money, the oil, the gas, the railway facilities and the markets.—Oklahoma Times-Journal.

The sale of Captain Kidd's house in New York the other day attracted no attention. When it comes to genuine piracy there are thousands of New Yorkers who have him beaten to death.—Wilmington Journal.

Once on a time a man stopped taking a very good newspaper because the paper printed something he didn't like. The paper survived, but in the course of time the man went the way of all flesh and was forgotten.—Augusta Chronicle.

Missouri has a new game law that will prevent the ladies from trimming their hats with the plumage of birds. The legislators who voted for this measure may as well save useless expense and decline re-election.—Pittsburg Gazette.

Igorrotes are again advertising exhibitions by a reported dog feast in Oregon. At all events it can be said for the guileless and shirtless savages that their style of life makes them independent of the dressed-beef combination.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Chicago woman shot and killed her husband to keep him at home. And yet, unless she took the precaution to provide herself with a cold-storage plant, her plans may slightly interfere with the rules of the Chicago Health Department.—Augusta Chronicle.

Heretofore "Elijah III" Dowie has been able to satisfy his followers by giving them a "revelation" whenever they became importunate. But now some of the heaviest investors among them are calling for a statement of accounts instead of a revelation.—Savannah News.

Mr. Hoch announces that he will die like a Christian, a statement which suggests the reflection that if Mr. Hoch had lived like a Christian he could still have died like one, though the date of his demise might have been postponed considerably.—Chicago Chronicle.

August W. Machen, already in prison, has been sentenced to an additional term under another indictment. Doubtless he deserves all he is getting—but is he to shoulder the punishment for the whole crew of scoundrels concerned in the postoffice department frauds?—Buffalo Courier.

Rev. Anna Shaw declares that women will never get the ballot until they adopt the slogan, "No ballots, no babies!" It is the fool suffragists of this type that have delayed the granting of woman suffrage so long. What do you think of the Rev. Anna and her slogan, anyway?—Topeka Herald.

It is reported that there is a widespread and growing desire among the young men of this country to rush away to Panama for the purpose of helping to dig the canal. We regard it as our duty to publicly announce that the walking on the way back from Panama is very poor in some places.—Pine Bluff (Ark.) Press-Eagle.

Fitzhugh Lee had the aristocratic bearing of the Old Dominion aristocrats, but under that exterior of conscious pride beat the heart of one of God's noblemen. When the war broke out he cast his fortunes with his native State. When it was over, he gulped down the bitterness and humiliation like a true soldier and swore allegiance to the flag of our common country. Now he has gone to his eternal rest, with this the judgment of his fellow-men that there throbbed within the bosom of Fitzhugh Lee the heart of a patriot and a true man.—Nebraska State Journal.

Grover Cleveland pronounces the women's clubs to be the enemies of civilization, the destroyers of domestic tranquility and the foe of orderly government. Evidently Mr. Cleveland has mislaid his copy of Cushing's Manual.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Several neurological authorities have contended that mental troubles are due principally to "wine, women and worry." It is strange, though, that hazardous speculation never hurts the mind of reckless trustees of money till they are caught.—St. Louis Republic.

OLD SORES OFFENSIVE DANGEROUS

Nothing is more offensive than an old sore. It is treated and nursed, every salve, powder, etc., that is heard of is tried, but does no good, until the very sight of it grows offensive to the sufferer and he becomes disgusted and morbid. They are not only offensive, but dangerous, because the same germ that produces cancerous ulcers is back of every old sore. The cause is in the blood and as long as it

remains the sore will be there and continue to grow worse and more destructive. The fact that thousands of old sores have been cut out and even the bones scraped, and yet they returned, is indisputable evidence that the blood is diseased and responsible for the sore or ulcer. Valuable time is lost in experimenting with external treatments, such as salves, powders, washes, etc., because the germs and poisons in the blood must be removed before a cure can be effected. S. S. S. cleanses and purifies the circulation so that it carries rich, new blood to the parts and the sore or ulcer heals permanently. S. S. S. not only removes the germs and poisons, but strengthens the blood and builds up the entire system by stimulating the organs, increasing the appetite and giving energy to the weak, wasted constitution. It is an exhilarating tonic, aids the digestion and puts every part of the body in good healthy condition. Book on the blood, with any medical advice wished, without charge. **THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

Some years ago my blood became poisoned, and the doctor told me I would have running sores for life, and that if they were closed up the result would be fatal. Under this discouraging report I left off their treatment and resorted to the use of S. S. S. Its effects were prompt and gratifying. It took only a short while for the medicine to entirely cure up the sores, and I am not dead as the doctors intimated I would be, neither have the sores ever broken out again. **JOHN W. FORDIS, Wheeling, W. Va., May 28, 1903.**

NO POLICE GRAFT IN JAPAN.

Loss of Caste Follows Acceptance of Gift by an Officer.

William H. Shelton, the artist, returned recently from a visit to Japan. While there he was impressed much by the Japanese police. He came away with the idea that the Japanese police department was much superior to other police departments, principally owing to the apparent elimination of graft.

"While I was at Nagasaki," he says, "Captain Barker, the American quartermaster there, lost a very fine uncut diamond. He hadn't any idea where he had lost it. He sent word to the police and a regular policeman came around and made inquiries about the stone."

"With the politeness that is characteristic of the country, the policeman announced that it would give the police great pleasure to find it if they could. Several days later he appeared with the diamond, which must have been very hard to find, owing to its being in an uncut state."

"He handed it to Captain Barker with a bow and walked away. True to his American instincts, Captain Barker called him back, reached down into his pocket and pulled out a couple of yen, which he offered him."

"The policeman seemed to be both surprised and offended. It was against all the rules of the police, he said, to accept such gratuities from any one."

"I found later just how serious it would have been if he had taken it. It seems that the policemen in Japan are recruited from the middle class and punishment for anyone caught grafting means much more than dismissal from the service or imprisonment. It means loss of caste."

"A man dismissed from the police department for such an offense, no matter what his previous rank in society, becomes a marked man and is regarded as a coolie, the lowest class of society. As a coolie nothing is left to him but hard labor for the rest of his days."—Washington Post.

Interested the Judge.

"Your honor," said the plaintiff in the divorce proceedings, "I charge cruel and inhuman treatment. My husband hypnotized me into thinking that my last season's bonnet was just the thing for this spring."

"He did?" asked the Judge, looking sternly at the defendant. "My man, come here. The court will speak to you privately."

Wonderingly the defendant came to the bench, when the Judge said: "Say, old fellow, put me next. I've got a wife and four daughters."

Her Purpose.

"Mother thinks you'll make me a good wife," said the girl's intended.

"Indeed?" replied the girl with the determined jaw, "you tell your mother I'll make you a good husband."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Trouble with Him.

"I refuse to talk to you, sir!" roared the indignant old father. "If you will come around when you are sober to ask me for my daughter I may consider the matter."

"When I'm sober?" Thash all right, old man—thash all right. Glad to do it. Only I never seem to want her when I'm sober."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Interviewed

Mrs. Muzzy of Minneapolis.

The "Dispatch"

Voluntarily Calls at The Dispatch Office and Tells the Editor What the Doctors at Arons Bone-Setting Institute at San Rafael, Cal., Did for Her Daughter.

CERTAINLY WONDERFUL RESULTS IN HER CASE

ARONS BONE-SETTING INSTITUTE
725 Fifth Ave., San Rafael, Cal.
Incorporated under the Laws of California.

Roland Muzzy and Mrs. Elidah Muzzy, with their 17-year-old daughter, Edith Muzzy, of 4300 Emerson avenue north, Minneapolis, Minn., called at the Dispatch office today and made the following statement in regard to the Arons Bone-Setting Institute in San Rafael:

Mrs. Muzzy stated that her daughter had been afflicted with Tubercular Joint disease for eleven years, and that on Nov. 11th, 1902, she took her daughter to Arons Bone-Setting Institute, San Rafael, for treatment. The daughter went there on crutches—she had used crutches for ten years, and in four weeks from the time she began treatment, the girl threw away the crutches and has been without them ever since. Both hips were dislocated. The young lady had two hospital operations, and three Clinics held. She had the best surgical treatment possible, and five years ago she

doctors pronounced her cured, but said she would always be lame. The Doctor never caused her any pain in his treatments—used no appliances—but soft bandages, that is all. She could hardly walk a half block, her hips were so stiff, and after she had treated there about five weeks she walked a mile in one afternoon—and she is gaining right along. Four weeks after she started treating with the Doctor she walked down sixteen steps at one time—which was the first time for eleven years that she had been able to go up or down stairs. Mrs. Muzzy stated all this voluntarily and for the purpose of letting people who have crippled children know of the San Rafael institute—for they had tried doctors, operations and everything else. The case is known the world over, and has been translated into seven different languages. Recently translated into Russian. Write or wire before coming as all their time is taken by appointment.

Best Tree Wash and Olive Dip
T. W. JACKSON & CO., 123 California St., SAN FRANCISCO

Powdered Caustic Soda and Pure Potash
GREENBANK

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles** of **Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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